1.
2854

ELVIRA:

OR,

The worst not always true.

A

COMEDY.

By the Right Honorable *GEORGE*
Late Earl of *Bristol.*

Licens'd. *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON:
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London

PERSONS.

Don Julio Rocca.
Don Pedro de Mendoca.
Don Fernando Solis: *In love with* Donna Elvira.
Don Zancho de Menezes: *In love with* Donna Blanca.
Fabio: *Servant to* Don Fernando.
Fulvio: *Servant to* Don Pedro.
Chichon: *Servant to* Don Zancho.
A Page.

WOMEN.

Donna Elvira: *A beautiful Lady*, Don Pedro's *Daughter*.
Donna Blanca: *A Lady of a high Spirit* Don Julio's *Sister*.
Silvia: Elvira's *diſguiſed Name, when ſhe was put to wait upon* Donna Blanca.
Franciſca: Donna Blanca's *Woman*.

SCÆNE VALENÇIA.

ELVIRA,

OR,

The Worst not always True.

ACT. I. SCÆNE. I.

The Room in the Inn.

Enter Don Fernando, *and at another door his servant* Fabio, *both in Riding Cloathes, Booted.*

Don Fer. HAve you been with him *Fabio*, and given him
The Note?

Fabio. I found him newly got out of his bed, (pris'd
He seem'd much satisfied, though much sur-
With your arrival, and as soon as possibly
He can get ready, hee'l be with you heer.
He says, he hopes some good occasion brings you
To *Valencia*, and that he shall not be
At quiet, till he know it. 'Twas not fit
For me, without your Orders, to give him
Any more light, then what your Ticket did.

Don Fer. 'Tis well, go now and see if *Donna Elvira*
Be stirring yet, for I would gladly have her
A witness, even at first, to what shall pass
Betwixt my friend and me, in her concernments:
If she be still a sleep *Fabio*, make bold

To knock, and wake her, w'have no time to looſe.
O heer ſhe comes, wait you *Don Julio*. (*Enter* Donna Elvira.
(*Exit* Fabio.

Don. Elv. Ah, can you think my cares and ſleep conſiſtent?
Slumber and tears, have ſometimes met in dreams,
But hearts with ſuch a weight as mine oppreſt,
Find ſtill the heavieſt ſleep too light a Gueſt.

Don Fer. Madam, though ſuch, leaſt pity do deſerve,
Who by their own unſteadineſs, have drawn
Misfortune on themſelves; Yet truly *Elvira*
Such is my ſenſe of Yours, and my compaſſion,
To ſee a Lady of your Quality,
Brought to ſuch ſad extreams, in what is deareſt,
As makes me even forgit my own reſentments,
Granting to Pity, the whole place of Love,
And at that rate I'le ſerve you. Yet thus far
You muſt allow th'eruption of a heart
So highly injur'd, as to tell you franckly,
'Tis to comply with my own Principles
Of Honour, now, without the leaſt relation
To former paſſion, or to former favours.

Don. Elv. Thoſe you have found a ready way to cancel;
Your ſullen ſilence, during all our journy,
Might well have ſpared you theſe ſuperfluous words,
That had ſufficiently inſtructed me
What power, meer appearances, have had
Without examination to deſtroy
With an umbragious nature, all that Love
VVas ever able on the ſolid'ſt grounds
To found and to eſtabliſh. Yet me thinks,
A man that boaſts ſuch principles of Honour,
And of ſuch force to ſway him in his Actions
In ſpight of all reſentments, ſhould reflect,
That Honour does oblige to a ſuſpenſe

At leaſt, of judgement, when ſurpriſing chances
Yet unenquired into, tempt gallant men
To prejudicial thoughts of thoſe, with whom
They had ſetled friendſhip, upon vertuous grounds.
But 'tis from heaven I ſee, and not from you,
Elvira muſt expect her vindication;
And until then ſubmit to th' hardeſt fate,
That ever can befal a generous ſpirit,
Of being oblig'd by him that injures her.

Fer. Nay, ſpeak *Elvira*, ſpeak, You have me attentive, (*With a*
It were a wonder worthy of your wit, (*kind of ſcornful accent.*
To make me truſt my Ears, before my Eyes.

Don. Elv. Thoſe are the witneſſes indeed, *Fernando*,
To whoſe true teſtimonies falſe Inference,
You owe my moderation, and my ſilence,
And that I leave it to the gods and time,
To make appear both to the world and you,
The Maxime falſe, That ſtill the worſt proves true. (*Enter* Fabio.

Fabio. *Don Julio* is without.

Fer. VVait on him in, (*Exit* Fabio.
And now *Elvira*
If you'l be pleas'd to reſt your ſelf a while
VVithin that Cloſet, you may hear what paſſes
Betwixt my friend and me, until ſuch time
As I by ſome diſcourſe having prevented
Too great ſurpriſe, you ſhall think fit t'appear;
He is the man, (as I have often told you
During my happy days) for whom alone
I have no reſerves, and 'tis to his aſſiſtance,
That I muſt owe the means of ſerving you,
In the concernments of your ſafety and honour;
And therefore, Madam, 'twill be no offence
I hope, to truſt him with the true occaſion
That brings me hither, to employ his friendſhip,

Obſerving that reſpect in the relation, (*Colſes.*
VVhich I ſhall always pay you. (Elvira *retiring as into the*

Don. Elv. There needs no management in the Relation,
I am indifferent what others think,
Since thoſe who ought, t'have thought the beſt, have fail'd me:
Sir, I obey, reſign'd up to your conduct,
Till Miſtriſs of my own. (*Exit.*

Enter Don Julio, *and* Fernando, *and he Embrace.*

Don. Jul. My joy to have my dear *Fernando* heer
So unexpectedly, as great as 'tis
Cannot make *Julio* unſenſible
Of th' injury you have done him, t'have alighted
And paſt a night within *Valencia*,
At any other place than at his houſe,
Donna Blanca her ſelf, will ſcarce forgive it
VVhen ſhe ſhall know it.

Don. Fer. I hope ſhe's well.

Jul. She is ſo, thanks to heaven,
But I muſt bid you expect a chiding from her.

Fer. You both, might well accuſe me of a failure,
Did not th'occaſion of my coming hither
Bring with it an excuſe, alaſs too juſt,
As you will quickly find.

Don Jul. Nay, then you raiſe diſquiet, eaſe me quickly,
By telling me what 'tis; of this be ſure;
Heart, hand, and fortune, are entirely yours
At all Eſſays.

Fer. It is not new t'ee, that I was a Lover (*After pawſing a*
Ingaged in all the paſſion, that e're Beauty, (*while.*
In heigth of it's perfection, could produce,
And that confirm'd by reaſon, from her wit,
Her Quality, and moſt unblemiſh't conduct;
Nor was there more, to juſtifie my love,
Then to perſwade my happineſs, in her

Juſt

Juſt correſpondance to it, by all the ways
Of honourable admiſſion, that might ſerve
To make eſteem tranſcend the pitch of Love.
Don Ful. Of all this I have not only had knowledge
But great participation in your joys;
Than which, I thought nothing more permanent,
Since founded on ſuch virtue as *Elvira's*.
Don Fer. Ah, *Julia*, how fond a creature is the man,
That founds his bliſs, upon a womans firmneſs,
Even that *Elvira*, when I thought my ſelf
Secureſt in my happineſs, nothing wanting
To make her mine, but thoſe exterior forms,
VVithout which, men of honour that pretend
In way of Marriage, would be loath to find
Greater conceſſion, where the love is greateſt.
As I was ſitting with her, late at night,
By uſual admittance to her Chamber,
As two whoſe hearts in VVed-lock Bands were joyn'd,
And ſeem'd above all other care but how
Beſt to diſguiſe things, to a wayward Father,
Till time, and art, might compaſs his conſent;
A ſuddain noiſe was heard in th' inner Room
Belonging to her Chamber, ſhe ſtarts up
In manifeſt diſorder, and runs in,
Deſiring me to ſtay, till ſhe had ſeen
What caus'd it; I impatient, follow,
As fearing for her, had it been her Father:
My head no ſooner was within the Room,
But ſtraight I ſpied behind a Curtain ſhrinking
A goodly Gallant, but not known to me.
Don. Ful. Heavens what can this be?
Fer. You will not think that there, and at that hour,
I ſtay'd to ask his Name, he, ready as I,
To make his Sword th'expreſſer of his mind,

We

We soon determin'd what we sought; I hurt
But slightly in the arm, he fell as slain
Run through the body: What *Elvira* did,
My rage allow'd me not to marke; But straight
I got away, more wounded to the heart,
Then he I left for dead.

Ful. Prodigious accident! Where can it end?

Fer. I got safe home, where carefully conceal'd,
I sought by *Fabio*'s diligence to learn
Who my slain Rival was, and what became
Of my unhappy Mistris, and what course
Don Pedro de Mendoza took to right
The honour of his house.

Don Ful. You long'd not more to know it then, then I
Do now.

Don. Fer. All could be learn't was this. That my Rival
Whom I thought dead, was likely to recover,
And that he was a stranger lately come
Up to the Court, to follow some pretensions.
His name he either learn't not perfectly,
Or did not well retain; As for *Elvira*,
That none knew where she was, and that *Don Pedro*
Had set a stop to prosecution
In any publick way, with what reserves
Was not yet known.

Don Ful. More and more Intricate.

Don Fer. I must now come to that, you least would look for.
I had but few days past, in my Concealment
(Resentment and Revenge still boyling in me)
When late one evening, as I buried was
In deepest thought, I suddainly was rows'd
By a surprising Apparition, *Fulio*,
Elvira in my Chamber, speaking to me
With rare assurance, Thus --- *Don Fernando*

I come

I come not heer to justifie my self,
That were below *Elvira*, towards one
Whose action in deserting me hath shown
So disobligingly, his rash judgement of me.
I come to mind you of Honour, not of Love:
Mine, can protection seek, from none but yours,
I've hitherto been shelter'd from the Fury
Of my enrag'd Father, by my Cousin *Camilla*,
But that's no place you easily may judge
For longer stay, I do expect from you
To be convey'd, where free from violence
And from new hazards of my wounded Fame,
I may attend my righting from the gods.

Don Ful. Can guilt maintain such confidence in a Maid?
Yet how to think her Innocent, I know not.

Don. Fer. 'Twere loss of time to dwell on circumstances,
Either of my wonder, or reply; In short,
What I found honour dictated, I did,
Within two hours I put her in a Coach,
And favour'd by the night, convey'd her safe
Out of *Madrid* to *Ocana*, and thence
In three days, hither to *Valencia*,
The only place where by your generous aide,
I could have hopes to settle and secure
Her Person and her honour: That once done
Farewell to *Spain*; I'le to the Wars of *Millan*
And there soon put a Noble end to cares.

Don Ful. Let us first think how to dispose of Her,
Since heer you say she is; That done which presses,
You will have time to weigh all other things.

Don Fer. My thoughts can pitch upon no other way
Decent or safe for her, but in a Convent,
If you have any Abbess heer to friend.

Don Ful. I have an Aunt, ruling the *Ursulins*,

With

With whom I have full power, and she is wise,
In case that course were to be fixt upon;
But that's not my opinion.

Don Fer. What can your reason be?

Don Jul. Last remedies, in my judgement
Are not to be used, till easier have been try'd;
Had this strange accident, been thoroughly
Examin'd, in all it's Circumstances,
And that from thence, she were convicted guilty,
Nought else were to be thought on, but a *Cloister*,
But as things stand, imperfectly discover'd
Although appearances, condemn her strongly,
I cannot yet conclude a person guilty
Of what throughout so contradictory seems
To the whole tenor of her former life,
As well as to her Quality, and VVit,
And therefore let's avoide precipitation.
Let my house be her shelter for a while,
You know my sister *Blanca* is discreet,
And may be trusted, she shall there be serv'd
By her and me, with care and secrecy.

Don Fer. The offer's kind but no-wise practicable,
And might prove Hazardous to *Blanca*'s honour,
VVhen it should once break out, (as needs it must)
From servants seeing such a Guest so treated.

Don Jul. That I confess, I know not how to answer,
But could *Elvira*'s mind, submit unto it,
I could propose a course without objection.

Don Fer. That she can soon resolve, VVhat is it *Julio*?

Don Jul. A Gentlewoman who waited on my sister,
Hath newly left her service for a husband,
And it is known, she means to take another,
I have a ready way to recommend one,
By *Violante* of whose love and mine

You

You are not ignorant, since that e're this
We had been Married, had not kindred forc't us
To wait a Dispensation for't from *Rome*;
Blanca I'me sure will readily imbrace,
Any occasion of obliging her.

Don Fer. That were a right expedient indeed,
Could but *Elvira*'s spirit brook it. (*Enter* Elvira *as from*

Elv. You have ill measures of *Elvira*'s spirit, (*the Closet.*
Mistaken *Don Fernando*: Till heaven's justice
Shall her entirely to her self restore,
The lowlyer shape, her fate shall hide her under
The more t'will fit her humor. (Julio *starts back as it were amazed*

Don Julio, *aside.* O heavens can guilt with such perfection
And put on such assurance! It cannot be. (dwell!

(Don Julio *addressing himself to her, and beginning.*

Don Jul. Madam! (*She holding out her hand and interrupting*

Elv. Spare complements, and let your actions speak, (*him.*
Those may oblige both him, and me, your words
Cannot comply with both.

Julio *aside*, ——— Did ever yet
Such Majesty with misery combine!
But in this Woman.

To her, ——— Madam, I obey,
And since you are pleas'd t'approve what I proposed,
No moment shall be lost in th'execution. (*Exit* Julio.

(Fernando *accompanying him and* Fabio.

Elvira *Sola.* O how unkindly have the heavens dealt
With Woman kind, above all other creatures!
Our pleasure, and our glory! to have placed
All on the brink of Precipices, such,
As every breath, can blow the least light of us
Headlong into, past all hopes of Redemption:
Nor can our wit, or vertue, give exemption.
'Tis true I lov'd; But justifi'd therein

By ſpotleſs thoughts, and by the objects merit,
I deem'd my ſelf above the reach of malice,
When in an inſtant by anothers folly,
I am more loſt then any by her own.
Accurſt *Don Zancho*, what occaſion
E're gave *Elvira* to thy mad Intruſion?
Unleſs diſdain, and ſcorn, Incentives are,
To make men's paſſions more irregular.
Ah, matchleſs Rigor, of the Powers above;
Not only to ſubmit our honours fate,
Unto the vanity of thoſe we love,
But to the raſhneſs even of thoſe we hate. (*Exit.*

Enter Donna Blanca *at one door reading a paper with great marks of Paſſion and Diſturbance, and her Waiting-woman* Franciſca *at another, obſerving her.*

Blan. Ah, the Traitor!

Francis. *Aſide*, ——— What can this mean?

Blan. *continuing*, VVas this thy ſweet Pretenſion at *Madrid*,
Drawn out in length, and hindring thy return?
Thy fair pretence, thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid falſe man.

Fran. For loves ſake Madam, what can move you thus?

Blan. For hates ſake ſay, and for revenge *Franciſca*,
And ſo thou mai'ſt perſwade me to diſcover
My ſhame unto thee; Read, read, that Letter:
'Tis from your favourite *Chichon*. (Franciſca *takes the Letter and reads it.*

The Letter.

MAdam, To make good my engagements of concealing nothing from you, during this abſence of my Maſter; I am bound to tell you, that ſome ten days ſince, late at night, he was left for dead, run through the body by another unknown Gallant, in the Chamber of a famed Beauty of the Court. Whilſt the danger continued, I thought it not fit to let you know either the accident, or the occaſion; which now he is recover'd and thinking of his return to Valencia *I muſt no longer forbear, I hope you will have a care not to undo*

me

me for being more faithful to you, then to the Master you gave me,

Your Creature *Chichon.*

Blan. Have I not a worthy Gallant think you!

Fran. Madam, this comes of being over curious,
And gaining servants to betray their Masters;
How quiet might you have slept, and never felt
What past with your *Don Zancho* at *Madrid*!
His pale and dismal looks, at his return
Though caus'd by loss of blood, in the hot service
Of other Dames, might fairly have been thought
Effects of care, and want of sleep for you;
And taken so, have past for new Indeerments.
Who ever pryed into anothers Letter?
Or slyly hearkn'd to anothers whisper?
But saw, or heard, somewhat that did not please him;
'Twas *Eves* curiosity, undid us all.

Blan. Away with thy moralities dull Creature,
I'le make thee see, and false *Don Zancho* feel,
That *Blanca*'s not a Dame, to be so treated.
But who are those I hear without, who e're
They be, they come at an unwell-come hour. (Fran. *looks out.*

Fran. Madam, it is a Page of *Violantes*
Ushering a handsome Maid.

Enter a Page with a Letter and Elvira, *the Page presents the letter to* Blanca, *she adresses her self to* Elvira, *and she throws up her Vail.*

Blan. This Letter is in your behalf fair Maid, (*Having read*
There's no denying such a Recomender, (*the Letter.*
But such a face as yours is, needed none.
Page, tell your Lady as much; And you *Silvia* (*Turning*
(For so she says you are call'd) be confident
Y'are fallen into the hands of one, that knows
How to be kind, more as your friend then Mistriss,

If your demeanour, and good nature, anſwer
But what your looks do promiſe.
Elv. Madam, it is the Noble charity (*By the name of* Silvia,
Of thoſe you caſt upon me, not mine own,
To which I muſt acknowledge any advantage
I ever can pretend to, more then what
Fair *Violantes* mediation gives me. (*to* Franciſca
Blan. Shee's ſtrangely handſom, and how well ſhe ſpeaks. (*Aſide*
Fran. So, ſo, Methinks, you know new comers, Madam,
Set ſtill the beſt foot forward.
Blan. And know as well that you decaying Stagers
Are always jealous of new comers, Young,
And handſome.
Fran. You may be as ſharp upon me, as you pleaſe,
I know to what t'attribute your ill humour.
Blan. *Franciſca* entertain her, I'le go write
To *Violante*, and then reſt a while
In hopes to eaſe the headach that hath ſeized me;
That done, ſweet *Silvia* we ſhall talk at leiſure. (*Exit* Blanca.
Fran. Sweet *Silvia*, kind Epithites are for new faces. (*Aſide.*
Silv. Now comes the hard part of my task indeed, (*Aſide.*
To act the fellow Waiting-woman right.
But ſince the Gods already have conform'd
My mind to my Condition, I do hope
They'l teach me words, and geſtures ſutable. (Fran. *embraces* Silv.
Fran. Let me embrace thee my ſweet Siſter, and beg you
To be no Nigard of a little kindneſs:
A very little ſerves with ſuch a face,
To gain what heart you pleaſe.
Silv. If it can help to gain me yours, I'le take it
For the beſt office, that it ever did me,
And love it much the better.
Fran. Make much on't then, for that 't has done already.
Silv. If you will have me vain enough to think it,

You

You muſt confirm it, by the proof of being
My kind Inſtructer how to pleaſe my Lady,
For I am very rawe in ſervice.
Fran.——————O that
I were ſo too, and had thy Youth t'excuſe it;
But my experience, ſiſter, ſhall be yours,
By free communication. Come, let's in
And reſt us in my Chamber, there I'le give you
Firſt handſell of the frankneſs of my Nature. (*Exeunt* Sil. & Fran.

Enter Don Zancho *and* Chichon *his man, in riding habit.*

Don Zan. I muſt confeſs *Chichon* the very ſmell
Of ſweet *Valencia*, has even revived my ſpirits.
There is no ſuch pleaſure, as to ſuck and breath
One's Native air.
Chich. Chiefly after being in ſo fair a way
As you, of never breathing any more.
Don. Zanc. Prithy no more of that, ſince I have forgot it,
Methinks thou eaſily may'ſt.
Chich. Faith hardly Sir, whilſt ſtill your ghaſtly face
Doth bear, ſuch diſmal Memorandums of it,
Apter to raiſe inquiſitiveneſs in thoſe
Know nothing of the matter, then t'allay
Remembrance in Partakers.
Don Zanc. Heaven ſhield us from *Donna Blanca*'s queries,
No matter for the reſt.
Chich. You would not wiſh to find her ſo unconcern'd,
I'me ſure you would not; Faith, I long to hear
Th' ingenious defeats, I make account
You are prepared to give to her ſuſpicions.
Don Zanch. Let me alone for that: but on thy life
Be ſure that nothing be ſcrued out of thee,
Neither by her, nor by her ſly *Franciſca*.
Chich. Be you Sir, ſure, that from your true *Chichon*,
They'l know no more to day, then yeſterday,

They

They did, nor thence, more to the worlds end,
Then what they did, before we left *Madrid*.

Don Zanc. Truly *Chichon*, we needs muſt find the means
To get a ſight of her this very night;
I die if I ſhould miſs it.

Chich. Laſt week left gaſping for *Elvira*'s love,
And ſcarce revived, when preſently expiring
For *Blanca*'s again; I did not think *Don Cupid*
Had been a Merchant, of ſuch quick returns.

Don Zanch. Thou art an Aſs, and want'ſt diſtinctiveneſs
T'wixt love and love; that was a love of ſport,
To keep the ſerious one in breath.

Chich. Faith Sir, I muſt confeſs my ignorance,
That when I ſaw you groveling in your blood,
I thought your Love had been in ſober ſadneſs.

Don Zanch. Prithy leave fooling, and let's carefully
Gain the back way into my houſe unſeen,
That none may know of my return, till *Blanca*
Find me at her feet: and be you induſtrious
T'obſerve *Don Julio*'s going forth this evening,
Doubtleſs hee'l keep his uſual hours abroad
At *Violantes*, ſince not married yet.

Chich. I ſhall obſerve your orders punctually. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Julio *and knocks as at* Blanca's door.

Don Jul. What Siſter! at your *Sieſta* already? if ſo
You muſt have patience to be wak'd out of it,
For I have news to tell you. (*Enter* Blanca.

Blan. No Brother, I was much more pleaſingly
Employ'd, in ſerving you; that is, making
My Court to *Violante*, by receiving
To wait upon me in *Lucilla*'s place,
A Gentlewoman of her recomending.

Don. Jul. Where is ſhe? let me ſee her.

Blan. ——— T'were not ſafe,

She

She is too handsome; You think now I jest;
But without Rallery, she is so lovely,
That were not *Violante* very assured
Of her own Beauty, and the strong *Ideas*
That still upholds within you, one might question
Her wit, to have set her in her Gallant's way.
But what's the news you mean!

Jul. That our dear friend and kinsman *Don Fernando*
Is come to Town, and going for *Italy*:
The secret of it, doth so much import him,
It forc'd him to forbear alighting here,
And lodging with us as he used to do;
But yet he says, nothing shall hinder him
From waiting on you in the dusk of th'evening:
I hope you'l find wherewith to Regalar him.

Blan. As well as you have drain'd my Cabinets,
Of late in presents to your Mistriss, some
Perfumes will yet be found, such as at *Rome*
It self, shall not disgrace *Valencia*.

Don Jul. I know your humour, and that the best present
Can be given you, is to give you the occasion
Of presenting; But I am come in now
Only to advertise you, and must be gone;
Yet not I hope without a sight of One
So recommend, and commended so.

Blan. I should have thought you strangely chang'd in humour
Should you have gone away so uncuriously.

Fran. Ho. (*She knocks.*

Enter Franciſca.

Fran. ——— What please you Madam.

Blan. Prithy tell *Silvia* I would speak with her. (*Exit* Fran.
(to *Jul.*) Well, cleer your Eyes, and say I have no skill
If she appears not t'ye exceeding handsome.

Enter

Enter Franciſco *with* Silvia, Julio *ſalutes her.*

D. Ful. Welcome fair Maid into this Family,
Where whilſt you take a ſervants name upon you
To do my Siſter honour, you muſt allow
It's Maſter to be yours, and that by ſtrongeſt Tyes
Knowing who plac't you here, and having Eyes.
Silv. I wiſh my ſervice Sir, to her and you,
May merit ſuch a happy Introduction.
D. Ful. Farewell Siſter, till anon, Accompanied
As now you are, I think you'l miſs me little. (*Exit* Julio.
Blan. I muſt confeſs I ne'er could better ſpare you (*Aſide.*
Then at this time, but not for any reaſon
That you I hope can gueſs at.
Franciſca, you and *Silvia* may retire (*To them.* (*Exeunt* Silvia
And entertain your ſelves; I'le to my Cloſet (*and* Franciſca.
And try to reſt.
——— Or rather to vent freely
My reſtleſs thoughts. O the ſelf-torturing part! (*Aſide.*
To force complaiſance from a jealous heart. (*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCÆNE changes to the Room in the Inn.

Enter Don Julio, *and* Don Fernando.

Don Ful. A *Lbricias* friend, for the good news I bring you,
All has fallen out as well as we could wiſh.
As to *Elvira*'s ſetling with my Siſter,
So lucky a ſucceſs, in our firſt aims
Concerning her, I truſt does boad good fortune

Beyond

Beyond our hopes; yet, in the further progreſs
Of this Affair.

Don Fer. There's no ſuch thing in Nature left as better,
Julio, The worſt proves always always true with me,
Yet prithy tell, how does that Noble beauty
(Wherein high Quallity is ſo richly ſtamp't)
Comport her ſervile Metamorphoſis.

D. Jul. As one, whoſe body, as Divine as 'tis,
Seems bound to obey exactly ſuch a mind,
And gently take, what ere ſhape that impoſes.

D. Fer. Ah, let us mention her no more, my *Julio*
Idæas flow upon me too abſtracted
From her unfaithfulneſs, and may corrupt
The firmeſt reaſon; Above all be ſure
I do not ſee her ſo transform'd, leaſt that
Transform me too, I'le rather paſs with *Blanca*,
Both for unkind and rude, And leave *Valencia*
Without ſeeing her.

D. Jul. —— Leave that to me *Fernando*,
But if you intend the honour to my Siſter
It will be time, the night draws on a pace.

Fer. Come let's be gone then, (*As they are going out,*
(*Enter* Fabio *haſtily*.

Fab. Stay Sir, for heaven's ſake ſtay

D. Fer. —— Why what's the matter?

Fab. That will ſurpriſe you both, as much me
Don Pedro de Mendoca is below
Newly alighted.

D. Fer. —— Ha, what ſay'ſt thou Sirrah?
Elvira's father?

Fab. —— Sir, the very ſame,
And he had ſcarcely ſet one foot to ground
When he enquired, where lives *Don Julio Rocca*?

D. Jul. For my houſe *Fabio*? It cannot be,
I never knew the man.

D. Fer. The thing does ſpeak it ſelf, and my hard fate
What elſe can bring him hither, but purſuite
Of me, and of his Daughter, having learn't
The way we took, And what ſo eaſie *Julio*
Here at *Valencia*, as to know our friendſhip
And then of conſequence, your houſe to be
My likelieſt retreat.
D. Ful. —— 'Tis ſurely ſo,
Let us apply our thoughts to beſt preventives.
D. Fer. Whil'ſt we retire into the inner Room
T'adviſe together, Fabio be you ſure
(Since unknown to him) to obſerve his motions. (*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene *changes to the Proſpects of* Valencia. *Enter* Don Zancho *and* Chichon *as in the ſtreet neer* Don Julio's *houſe.*

D. Zanc. —— Newly gone out ſay you?
That is as luckey as we could have wiſhed,
And ſee but how invitingly the door
Stands open ſtill.
Chich. An open door may lead to a face of wood, (*Aſide*
(*To* Don Zancho.
But mean you Sir, to go abruptly in
Without more ceremony?
D. Zanc. Surprize redoubles (fool) the joys of Lovers;
But ſtay *Chichon* let's walk aſide a while
Till yonder Coach be paſt. (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to the Room in the Inn.* *Enter* Don Julio *and Don Fernando.*

D. Jul. There is no ſafty in any other way,
You muſt not ſtir from hence, until w'have got
Some further light, what courſe he means to ſteer,

Let

Let *Fabio* be vigilant, I'le get home,
Down that back ſtairs, and take ſuch order there
Not to be found, in caſe he come to enquire,
As for this Night at leaſt, ſhall break his meaſures,
And in the morning w'eel reſolve together
Whether you ought, to quit *Valencia* or no.

D. Fer. Farewell then for to night, I'le be alerte,
But ſee y'excuſe me fairely to my Cozen. (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to* Blanca's *Antechamber.* *Enter* Donna Blanca *and* Franciſca.

D. Blan. As well as *Silvia* pleaſes me *Franciſca*,
I'me glad at preſent that ſhe is not well,
She would conſtraine me elſe, ſhe has wit enough
To deſcant on my humour, and from thence
To make perhaps diſcoveries, not fit
For ſuch new Comers.

Fran. If ſhe has wit ſhe keeps it to her ſelf,
At leaſt from me, of pride; and Melancholly
I ſee good ſtore.

D. Blan. ——— Still envious and detracting?

Enter Don Zancho *and* Chichon.

See who comes there Madam, to ſtop your mouth.

Donna Blanca *caſting an Eye that way, and* Chichon *clinging up cloſe behind his Maſter and making a mouth.*

Chic. S'has ſpide us, and it thickens in the cleer,
I fear a ſtorm * Goes not your heart pit a pat? (* *To his Maſter.*

D. Blan. Ah, the bold Traytour! But I muſt diſſemble, (*Aſide.*
And give his impudence a little Line,
The better to confound him.

Donna Blanca *advancing to him, and as it were embracing him with an affected cheerfulneſs.*

D. Blan. Welcome, as unexpected, my *D. Zancho.*

D. Zanc. Nay, then we are safe *Chichon*. (*Aside to* Chichon.
Incomparable Maid, heaven bless those Eyes, (*to Her.*
From which I find a new life springing in me;
Having so long been banish't, from their Rays,
How dark the Court appear'd to me without them?
Could it have kept me from their Influence,
As from their light, I had expired long since.

D. Blan. Y'express your love now, in so courtly a Stile
I fear you have acted it in earnest there,
And but rehearse, to me, your Country Mistress.

Don Zanc. Ah, let *Chichon* but tell you, how he hath seen me
During my absence from you.

Chic. I vow I have seen him even dead for Love,
You might have found it in his very looks,
Before you brought the blood into his Cheeks.

D. Blan. E'ne dead you say for Love, but say of whom?

Don Zanc. Can *Blanca* ask a question so Injurious?
As well to her own perfections, as my Faith.

Don. Blan. I can hold no longer. (*Aside to* Francisca.
My faithful Lover, then it is not you. (*To him scornfully.*

Chic. She changes tone I like not faith the Key, (*Aside to his*
The musick will be jarring. (*Master.*

Blan. 'Tis not then you, *Don Zancho*, who having chang'd
[continues.] His suite at Court, into a love Pretension,
And his Concurrents, into a Gallant Rival,
Fell by his hand, a bloody Sacrifice
At his fair Mistress feet, Who was it then?

Don Zancho *stands a while as amazed with folded Arms.*

Chichon *behind his Master holding up his hands and making a pitiful face,* Francisca *steals to him, and holding up her hand threatningly.*

Fran. A Blab *Chichon*, a Pickthank, Peaching Varlet (*Aside*
Nere think to look me in the face again. (*To* Chichon.
Chic.

Chic. In what part ſhall I look thee, haſt thou a worſe? (*Aſide*
It is the Divel has diſcover'd it, (*To* Fran.
Some Witch dwells here, I've long ſuſpected thee.

Fran. I never more ſhall think thee worth my Charms.

D. Blan. What, ſtruck dumb with guilt? Perfidious Man
That, happens moſt, to the moſt impudent
When once detected; Well, get thee hence,
And ſee thou nere preſum'ſt to come again
Within theſe Walls, or I ſhall let thee ſee
'Tis not at Court alone, where hands are found,
To let ſuch mad men blood.

She turns as going away, and Don Zancho *holds her gently by the Gown.*

Don Zancho. Give me but hearing, Madam, and then if ——

Don Ful. What ho, no lights below ſtairs? (*Alowd as below.*

Fran. O heavens, Madam, here you not your Brother,
Into the Chamber quickly, and let them
Retire behind that hanging, there's a place,
Where uſually we throw neglected things.
I'le take the lights, and meet him certainly
His ſtay will not be long from *Violante*
At this time of the Night; beſides you know,
He never was ſuſpicious.

Don Zancho *and* Chichon *go behind the hanging, and* Donna Blanca *retiring to her Chamber ſays.*

D. Blan. Capricious fate, muſt I who whilſt I lov'd him
Nere met with checking Accident, fall now
Into extreameſt hazards, for a man
Whom I begin to hate.

(*Exit. And* Franciſca *at another door with the lights.*

(Franciſca *re-enters with* Don Julio.

D. Ful. Where's my Siſter?

Fran. —— In her Chamber, Sir,
Not very well, ſhe's taken with a Megrum.

D. Ful.

D. Jul. Light me In to her. (*Exit* Don Julio.

(Franciſca *lighting him with one of the lights.*

(Chichon *peeping out from behind the hanging.*

Chic. If this be *Cupids* Priſon, 'tis no ſweet one,
Here are no chains of Roſes, Yet I think
Y' had rather b'in't, then in *Elvira*'s chamber
As gay, and as perfum'd as 'twas.

D. Zan. Hold your peace Puppy, is this a time for fooling?

Enter Franciſca *and* Chichon *ſtart's back.*

Franciſca *Chichon* look out, you may, the Coaſt is cleer.
coming to the hanging. (Chichon *looks out.*
Could I my Lady's neer concerns but ſever,
From yours in this occaſion, both of you
Should dearly pay your falſhood.

Cich. You are jealous too, I ſee, but help us out
This once, and if you catch me here again,
Let *Chichon* pay for all, faithful *Chichon.*

Fran. Y'are both too lucky, in the likelihood
Of getting off ſo ſoon, ſtay but a moment
Whilſt I go down to ſet the Wicket open,
And ſee that there be no body in the way. (*Exit* Franciſca.

Chich. It is a cunning Drab, and knows her trade.

(*Re-enter* Franciſca *and comes to the hanging.*

Fran. There's now ſome Witch a wing indeed *Chichon,*
Julio, that never till this night, forbore
To go to *Violantes* e're he ſlept,
And paſs ſome hours there, *Julio* who never
Inquired after the ſhutting of a door,
Hath lock't the Gate himſelf, at's coming In,
And bid a ſervant wait below till midnight,
With charge to ſay, to any that ſhould knock
And ask for him, that hee's gone ſick to bed;
What it can mean I know not.

Chic. I would I did not, but, I have too true

An

An Almanack in my bones, foretell's a beating
Far ſurer then fowl weather, he has us faith
Faſt in Lobb's Pound; Heaven ſend him a light hand,
To whom my fuſtigation ſhall belong,
As for my Maſter, he may have the Honour
To be rebuked at ſharp.

Fran. May terror rack this Varlit; But for you Sir,
Be not diſmay'd, the hazard's not ſo great,
Yonder Balcon at further end o'the' Room
Opens into the Street, and the deſcent, is
Little beyond your height, hung by the Arms:
When *Fulio* is aſleep, I ſhall not fail
To come and let you out, I keep the Key,
In the mean while you muſt have patience.

Chic. It were a naſty hole to ſtay in long, (*Aſide.*
Did not my fear correct it's evil ſavour.
Dame, you ſay well for him, with whom I think (*To her.*
Y'have meaſur'd length, you ſpeak ſo punctually
Of his dimenſions; But I ſee no care
For me, your prity, not your proper man,
Who does abhor feats of activity.

Fran. I'le help, you, with a halter. (*Exit* Franciſca *and*
(Chichon *retires.*

Scene *changes to* Blanca's *Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Blanca, Silvia, *and ſoon after* Franciſca *as in* Blanca's *Chamber ſhe ſitting at her* Toylet *undreſſing.*

Blan. My Brother told me I ſhould ſee him again,
Before he went to reſt.

Fran. I think, I hear him coming.

Blanca *to* Hee'l not ſtay long I hope, for I am on thorns
Franciſca. Till I know they are out, I'th' mean while
We muſt perſwade *Silviâ* to go to bed,

Leaſt

Leaſt ſome odd chance ſhould raiſe ſuſpicion in her
Before I know her fitneſs for ſuch truſts.

Enter Don Julio.

(Silvia *offers to unpin her Gorget.*

D Blan. I prithy *Silvia*, leave, and get thee gone
To Bed, you ha'nt been well, nor are not yet;
Your heavy Eyes betray indiſpoſition:

D. Sil. Good Madam, ſuffer me, t'will make me well
To do you ſervice.

Blan. ——— Brother, I ask your help,
[to *D. Julio.*] Take *Silvia* hence, and ſee her in her Chamber,
This night ſhe muſt be treated as a ſtranger,
And you muſt do the honour of your houſe.

(Julio *goes to* Silvia, *and taking her by the hand leads her away.*

Sil. [*making a low curſie.*] Since you'l not yet let me begin to ſerve,
I will begin to obey.

Fran. [*bridling.*] Quaint in good faith.

D. Jul. [to *Silvia* as he leads her.] My Siſter's kinder then ſhe thinks, to give me
This opportunity of telling *Silvia.*
How abſolutely Miſtriſs in this place
Elvira is.

(Franciſca *whiſpers all this while with* Blanca.

Silv. Good Sir, forget that Name.

(*Exeunt* Julio *and* Silvia.

D. Blan. If that be ſo, what ſhall we do *Franciſca*?
What way to get them out?

Fran. It is a thing ſo unuſual with him,
It raiſes ominous thoughts, Elſe I make ſure
To get them off, as well as you can wiſh,
But if already awaken'd by ſuſpition,
Nothing can then be ſure.

D. Blan. O fear not that what you have ſeen him do

Of

Of unaccuſtom'd, I dare ſay relates
To quite another buſineſs.
Fran. Then ſet your heart at reſt, from all diſturbance
Ariſing from this accident.
D. Blan. ——— If you are certain,
To get them off ſo clear, from obſervation,
'Twill out of doubt be beſt, I tell my Brother
Don Zancho is return'd, and had call'd here
This evening to have ſeen him, For my fears
Sprange only from the hour, and the ſurprize,
Warm'd as he then had found me, ſince you know
How little apt he is to jealouſie.
Fran. Madam, Y'have reaſon, that will make all ſure,
In caſe he ſhould be told of's being here
The time of's ſtay, can hardly have been noted.
Enter Don Julio.
D. Jul. As an obedient Brother I have perform'd
What you commanded me.
D. Blan. A hard Injunction from a cruel Siſter,
To wait upon a handſome Maid to her Chamber.
D. Jul. You ſee I've not abuſed your Indulgence
By ſtaying long, nor can I ſtay indeed
With you, I muſt be abroad ſo early
To morrow morning, therefore Dear good night.
Donna Blanca Stay Brother, ſtay, I had forgot to tell you
[as he is going.] *Don Zancho de Menezes* is return'd
And call'd this evening here, t'have kiſs'ſt your hands,
Franciſca ſpake with him.
D. Jul. I hope he's come ſucceſsful in his ſute,
To morrow I'le go ſee him, (*Exit* D. Julio.
D. Blan. You ſee he's free from Ombrage on that Subject.
Fran. I ſee all's well, and may he ſleep profoundly,
The ſooner Madam, you are a bed, the better.
D. Blan. Would once my fears were over, that my Rage
Might have it's courſe.

Fran. ——— I ſhall not ſtop it,
But after it has had it's full Careere,
'Twill pawſe I hope, and reaſon find an Ear. (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to the Room in the Inn.* *Enter* Don Fernando *and* Fabio.

D. Fer. Is he gone out?
Fab. ——— No Sir, not as yet,
But ſeeing the ſervant he had ſent abroad
Newly return'd, I liſten'd at his door,
And heard him plainly give him this account.
That he had found *Don Julio Rocca*'s houſe,
And having knock'd a good while at the door,
Anſwer was made him without opening it,
Don Julio's not at home, where at *Don Pedro*
Impatient roſe, and calling for his Cloak
And Sword, he ſwore he'd rather wait himſelf
Till midnight at his door, then looſe a night
In ſuch a preſſing buſineſs; This I thought
Fit to acquaint you with, and that he ſpake
Doubtfully of his returning to lodge here.
D. Fer. You have done well, but muſt do better yet
In following him, and being ſure to looſe
No circumſtance of what he does.
Fab. To dog him, poſſibly might be obſerv'd
This Moon light, by his ſervant, but ſince Sir,
W'are certain whether he goes, my beſt courſe
I think will be to go out the back way,
And place my ſelf before hand in ſome Porch,
Near *Julio*'s houſe, where I may ſee and hear
What paſſes, and then do as I ſhall ſee cauſe.
D. Fer. 'Tis not ill thought on, but how late ſoever
Your return be, I ſhall expect to ſee you
Before we go to bed.

Fab.

Fab. —— I ſhall not fail. (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to* Donna Blanca's *Ante-Chamber.*

Enter Franciſca *and goes to the hanging where* Don Zancho *and* Chichon *are hid.*

Fran. Ho, truſty ſervant with his faithful Maſter,
Come out, the Balcone's open, looſe no time,
Julio's a bed, and faſt a ſleep e're this,
There's no body in the ſtreet, it is ſo light
One may diſcover a mile, therefore be quick.

Scene *changes to the Proſpect of* Valencia.

Don Zancho *and* Chichon *come out from behind the hanging and follow her as leading them to the Balcone.* (*Exeunt.*

Enter Fabio *as in the ſtreet, and ſetling himſelf in a Porch.*

And ſoon after Don Zancho *and Chichon appear as in the* Balcone, *and* Franciſca's *head as peeping out of the door into it.*

Fab. Here is a Porch as if 'twere built on purpoſe.
(Fabio *looking up perceives them in the Balcone.*
Ha, here's a viſion that I little dream't of,
Stand cloſe *Fabio*, and Mumm.

Don Zancho *get's over the Balcone, and letting himſelf down at Arms end, leaps gently into the Street,* Chichon *offers at the like, but takes a fall as he lights, and riſing counterfeits lameneſs.*

(Franciſca *retires and locks the* Balcone.

Chic. Curſe on the Drab, I think I've broke my leg.

Fab. The Moon has turn'd my brains, or I've ſeen
That perſon ſome where, and that very lately.
(*He paweſes ſcratching his head.*
But ſure I'me mad, to think it can be he.

Exeunt Don Zancho *and* Chichon *as turning down the next Street.*

Enter Don Pedro *and* Fulvio.

Fabio [*retiring into the Porch.*] O now I ſee my men.
D. Ped. This is the Street you ſay; which is the houſe?
Fulv. That fair one over againſt the Monaſtery;
Shall I go knock?
D. Ped. ——— What elſe?
(Fulvio *knocks as at* Don Julio's *door, and no body anſwers.*
D. P. Knock harder.
(*He knocks again, and one asks as from within who's there.*
D. Ped. A ſtranger, who muſt needs ſpeak with *Don Julio.*
Although unknown to him, my buſineſs preſſes.
* Who e're you be, and what ſo e're your buſineſs, [**From within.*
You muſt have patience till to morrow Sir,
Don Julio went ſick to bed, and I dare not
Wake him.
D. Ped. Fortune takes pleaſure ſure, in diſappointing,
When men are preſt with moſt impatience,
But ſince there is no remedy, guide *Fulvio,*
Unto the lodging y'have provided for me,
I hope 'tis nere at hand.
Fulv. Not above three doors from *Don Julio's*
* There where it makes the corner of the Street. [**Pointing.*
Fabio Here I muſt follow till I've harbour'd them.
[ſtealing after them] (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to the Room in the Inn.*

Enter Don Fernando *alone as in his Chamber.*

D. Fer. It cannot now be long, ere *Fabio* come,

And

And t'were in vaine to go to bed before,
For reſt I'me ſure I ſhould not.

(*He walks about the Room penſively.*

Ah, my *Elvira*, [Mine?] thou do'ſt infect
My very words with falſhood when I name thee:
Did ever Miſtreſs make a Lover pay
So dear as I, for the ſhort bliſs ſhe gave?
What now I ſuffer in exchange of that,
May make mankind, a fear'd of joyes exceſſive
But here he comes. (*Enter* Fabio.

(* *To* Fabio.

——— * Have you learn't any thing,
That's worth the knowing?

Fab. Two things, I think conſiderable Sir;
The one, that *Julio* hath found means to gain
This night to caſt your buſineſs in, without
Admitting of *Don Pedro*, whoſe preſſures
Might have been troubleſome, And urged you
To haſty reſolutions, whereas now
Y'have time to take your meaſures. The other Sir,
Is, that *Don Pedro* lodges here no more,
And conſequently hath eaſed you of conſtraint
Whilſt you reſt here, and left the way more free,
For intercourſe betwixt *Don Julio* and you;
This more I muſt obſerve t'ee, that *Don Pedro*
Took ſpecial care to have his lodging nere
Don Julio's houſe, whereby 'tis evident,
That there he makes account his buſineſs lies.

D. Fer. The news you bring me, hath been worth your pains
And thanks t'ee for't, I ſuppoſe that is all.

Fer. Say *Fabio*, what is't?

Fab. ——— Pray, Sir, allow me
This night to think, whether it be fit or no
To tell it you, ſince 'tis a thing relates not
As I conceive to you, nor to your buſineſs.

And

And yet in the concernments of another
May trouble you.

Fer. Be not overwise, I prithee, I will know
What 'tis, since you have raised curiosity
By such Grimasses.

Fab. You must be obey'd, but pray remember Sir,
If afterwards I'am call'd fool, for my pains,
Who made me so, but since I do not onely
Expect the fool, but ready to be thought
A madman too, e're I have done my story
In this I will be wilful, not to tell it
T'ill y'are a bed, that I may run away
So if you long to here it hasten thither.

(*Exit* Fabio *as to the Chamber within.*

D. Fer. Content i'faith, you ask no great compliance. (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to the Room in* Don Zancho's house.

Enter Don Zancho, *And* Chichon *as at home halting.*

D. Zan. W'are well come off from danger, would we were it
But half as well, from *Blanca*'s jealousie.

Chic. Speak for your self, I never came off worse,
Apox upon your Venery, it has made me
Another *Vulcan.* (*He halts about grumbling.*

D. Zanc. Go rest, to night, or grumble, as you please,
But do not think, limping shall serve your turn
To morrow, faith I'le make you stir your stumps,
Think you a Lover of my temper likely
To sit down by it so?

Chic. I'me sure I am only fit to sit down by it,
Since I can hardly stand.

(*He makes as if he would sit down, and* Don Zancho *giving him a kick in the britch.*

D. Zanc. Coxcomb come away.

Chic. To night's, to night, to morrow's a new day. (*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. III.

Enter Don Fernando *and* Fabio.
As in the Room in the Inn.

D. Fer. ARe all things ready *Tabio*? in caſe
Don Julio when he comes concludе with me
That I ſhould begon preſently.
Tab. Horſes ſtand ready for you at the Poſthouſe.
Fer. 'Tis well, attend without. (*Exit* Tabio

Enter Don Julio.

To Jul. I ſee you ſleep not in your friends concerns,
You are ſo early, and ſince ſo, the ſooner
We fix a Reſolution, certainly,
'Twill be the better. 'Twas no ſmall Point gained,
To fruſtrate for a night *Don Pedro*'s aims,
As *Fabio* tells me you have done, for he
Nere quitted him an inch laſt night, until
He had harboured him.
Jul. What, has he left his lodging?
Fer. —— That he has,
And which is more conſiderable taken one
Cloſe by your houſe, which evidences clearly
Where his ſuſpicions lie; That being ſo,
I'me confident, you'l be of my opinion
For my diſlodging from *Valencia*
Immediately, For *Elvira* being
Already ſo well ſetled, nothing can
So much indanger her diſcovery,
As my remaining longer in theſe parts.
Jul. W'ere I but free as yeſterday *Fernando*,
To think of nothing but *Elvira* and your
Concernments, I muſt confeſs your abſence
From hence were to be wiſhed, but Couſin

Ther's

Ther's fallen out this very night, a thing,
Which shews how little I beholding am
To fortune, That having so newly lent me
The means of serving handsomly my friend,
Calls back the debt already, and mak's me
As needing of your aide, as you of mine.

Fer. Ho, *Fabio* forbid the horses presently. (Fabio *looks in.*
To Jul. The least appearance *Julio* of my being
Useful to you, by staying, puts an end
To all deliberation, for my self,
Say, what's the accident? You have me ready.

Jul. Such, and of such a nature, my *Fernando*,
That as to be communicated to none
But you, another self, so I am sure
It will astonish you with the Surprisal.
Ah! could you think it possible? that *Blanca*,
Should raise disturbance in the heart of *Julio*,
As to the honour of his Family.

Fer. Heavens forbid.

Jul. Never was Brother so secure as I,
Or so unalterable in his perswasion
Of having a Sister, of unmatch't discretion,
Nor e're, could less, then evidence it self,
Have shaken such a confidence.

Fer. —— For Gods sake *Julio*,
Hold me no longer in such pain of mind;
But sure we shall be better there within,
Free from the noise of the Street.

Jul. You say well. (*Exit* Julio.

Fernando This is what *Fabio* told me he saw last night,
[as he follows him Aside.] Discovered by some accident to *Julio*,
It can be nothing else, O Women! Women! (*Exit* Fernando.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Fulvio,
As in their new lodgings.

Don Ped. I am glad you have lighted on so fit a place,

For

For all I intend, as this is, *Fulvio*,
I ſhall repair the laſt nights diſappointment
By early care this morning, In the mean while,
Fail not of your part in the diſcovery
Where my Enemy dwells, and i'th' obſervation,
Of all his motion's, That's th' important part.
Ful. Relie, Sir, on my care and Vigilance.
(*Exeunt* Don Pedro *and* Fulvio.
Enter Don Julio *and* Don Fernando,
As in the outward Room of the Inn.
Jul. —— It is a Quarter,
Always reſerv'd to my own privacy,
There lying unſuſpected, if whil'ſt I
Continue late abroad under pretence
Of being at *Violantes*, You keep watch
Carefully within, he cannot ſcape us
So you be ſure t'obſerve punctually
The ſign agreed, and boulting of the doors,
When he is once within.
Fer. Since you have ſo reſolv'd and laid your buſineſs,
Diſpoſe of me, and lead the way, whil'ſt I
Give *Fabio* his inſtructions what to do
During my abſence. (*Exeunt* Fernando *and* Julio.
Enter Dona Blanca *and Franciſca*
As in Blanca's *Ante Chamber.*
Fran. Since the black Cloud, that threatn'd you laſt night
With ſuch a ſtorm, is luckely blown over,
Without a ſprinkling; I hope Madam, you
Will imitate the fates, and grow Serene,
From all thoſe Clouds which ſo much threatn'd others.
Blan. Ah! *Franciſca* cans't thou ——
(*She ſtops ſeeing* Silvia *coming.*
Enter Silvia *with a fine Baſon of* Flowers.
Aſide —— —— But here's *Silvia*,
O the ſharp thorns, ſhe brings me at this time

With Flowers in her hand, by the Conſtraint
Her preſence gives me.

Sil. Madam, I wiſh the ranging of theſe Flowers
May be to your mind; but alaſs I fear
I am too dull for works of Phancy.

Blan. 'Tis me you find too dull to reliſh them, (*Dryly.*
Anon they may be wellcomer.

Sil. I'le wait that happy hour,
——— She's in ill humor. (*Aſide.*
(*Exit* Silvia.

Blan. But tell me now, didſt ever ſee *Franciſca*,
So falſe and bould a Creature? The Impudence
He had to cloath his Treachery with new Courtſhips,
Provokes me moſt of all.

Fran. Laſt night indeed, incens't as you were, Madam,
I fain would know what air ſo ſoft and Gentle
He could have breath'd, would not have blown the flame
Higher and Higher! but me thinks your Pillow
Should in ſo many hours have had ſome power
T'allay and mollifie; I then complyed
(He preſent) with your anger, but now, Madam,
You muſt allow me to ſpeak reaſon t'ee,
In his behalf, before you go too far,
And put things, in your paſſion, paſt Recall,
Which that once over, you would give your life,
To have again.

Blan. ——— Pray think me not ſo tame.

Fran. So tame ſay you? I think you wild I ſwear.
To take ſo much to heart, what at the moſt
Deſerves but ſome ſuch ſparkling brisk reſentment,
As once flaſh't out, in a few Cholerick words,
Ought to expire, in a next Viſits Coyneſs.

Blan. Make you ſo ſlight of Infidelity?

Fran. *Cupid* forbid; I'de have men true to Love.
But, I'de have women too, true to themſelves,

And

And not rebuke their Gallants, by requiring
More than the nature of frail fleſh will bear.
I'de have men true as ſteel; but ſteel you know
(The pureſt and beſt polliſh't ſteel) will ply,
Urg'd from it's Rectitude, (forſooth) But then
With a ſmart ſpring, come to it's place agen.

Blan. Come leave your fooling, and ſpeak ſoberly.

Fran. Why then in ſober ſadneſs, y'are in the wrong,
I do not ſay, in being angry with him,
And netl'd at the thing, That's Natural,
We love no Partners, even in what we know
We cannot keep all to our ſelves; But, Madam,
To think the worſe of him for it, or reſolve
A breach of friendſhip for a ſlight excurſion,
That were a greater fault then his, who has
For one excuſe, long abſence; And in truth
Another, you'd be ſorry he wanted, youth.

Blan. You talk as if —— (Franciſca *interrupting her.*

Fran. —— Stay Madam I beſeech you.
And let me make an end, I have not yet
Touch'd the main point in his excuſe, A Sute
At Court, enough I trow for any dog trick.

Blan. How like a Gooſe you talk, A Court protenſion,
What has that to do one way or other
With his faith to me?

Fran. So, one diſpleaſed to find his Craſiſhes,
Shrivel'd within, and empty, ſaid to his Cook,
(Who layd the fault upon the Wane o'th' Moon,)
What has the Moon, to do with Craſiſhes?
Marry ſhe has, t'is ſhe that governs ſhell Fiſh,
And t'is as true, in Courts, that love rules buſineſs
By as Prepoſterous an Influence.

Blan. I prithy make an end, or come to the Point.

Fran. Why then I'le tell you, and you may believe me,
(Having been train'd up in my youth you know,

In the beſt School, to learn Court Miſteries;
An Aunt of mine being Mother of the Maids.)
Love holds the Rudder, and Steers all in Courts;
How oft, when great Affairs perplex't the Brains
Of mighty Politicians, to conjecture,
From whence ſprung ſuch deſigns, ſuch revolutions,
Such Exaltations, Madam, ſuch depreſſions,
Againſt the Rules of their Miſterious Art,
And when, as in ſupriſing works of Nature
Reaſon confounded, Men cry thoſe are ſecrets
Of the high Powers above, that govern all,
Grave lookers on, ſtroking their beards would ſay,
What a tranſcendant fetch of State is this;
Theſe are the things, that wiſdom hides and hatches,
Under black Cap of weighty jobbernole
I mean *Count Olivarez*, All the while
We female Macchiavels, would ſmile to think,
How cloſely lurking lay the Nick of all,
Under our Daughter *Doll's* white Petticoat.

Blan. All this I grant you, may be true; And yet
N'ere make a jot, for his excuſe; *Franciſca*
His ſute, had no Relation to ſuch matters.

Fran. What e're the thing be, 'tis all one, D'ee think,
Sutes be they what they will, can be obtain'd
By ſuch as paſs for Fopps, as all young men
Without a Miſtriſs or a Confidence
Are ſure to do there; A ſharp pointed Hat,
(Now that you ſee the Gallants all Flat headed,)
Appears not ſo ridiculous, as Yonker,
Without a love Intreegue, to Introduce,
And ſparkefy him there; Madam, in ſhort,
Allow me once to be Sententious;
It is a thing, that always was, and is,
And ever will be, true, to the worlds end;
That, as in Courts of Juſtice, none can Carry

On

On buſineſs well, without a Procurator,
So none in Princes Courts, their Sutes make ſurer,
Then thoſe that work them, by the beſt Procurer.
Blanca Well, haſt, adone *Franciſca*? [*Smiling a little.*]
Fran. —— Madam, I have.
D. Blan. —— Then letting paſs,
Thy fine reflections Politique now vented,
To ſhew thy skill in Courts, I'le tell thee freely,
I'me not tranſported in my jealouſie
So far, beyond the bounds of Reaſon, as
Not to know well, the difference, betwixt
Such Eſcapades of youth, as only ſpring
From warmth of blood, or Gales of Vanity,
And ſuch engagements, as do carry with them
Diſhonour unto thoſe, whoſe quality,
And love have little to the ſerious Part,
Once Embark'd by them, in a Gallentry.
Fran. I ſee the Clouds diſperſe, ther's no ſuch Art, (*Aſide.*
Of compaſsing ones ends, with thoſe above us,
As that of working them into good humour,
By things brought in by the by,
Why ſurely, Madam, unleſs anger lend you [*To her.*
It's ſpectacles, to ſee things, I cannot think
You judge *Don Zancho*'s fault to be any other,
Then of the firſt kind; ſo well ſtated by you.
Blan. Franciſca, were I otherwiſe perſwaded,
I am not of an humor that could ſuffer
Such Parlies for him, much leſs Interceſſion;
But ſince upon reflection, I find cauſe
To think what he has done A ſally only,
Of Youth and Vanity, when I ſhall find him
Sufficiently mortify'd, I may pardon him.
Fran. Heavens bleſs ſo ſweet a temper, But Madam,
Have a care I beſeech you of one thing.
Blan. What's that?

Fran.

Fran. ——— That whil'ſt your pride of heart
Prolongs his readmiſſion, his diſpair
Urge him not to ſome precipitate attempt,
That may expoſe your honour, ſafe as yet;
You ſee what danger the laſt nights diſtemper
Had like t'have brought you into; Tranſported Lovers,
Like Angels fallen from their bliſs grow Devils.
D. Blan. What would you have me appear ſo flexible?
——— I'ſt not enough
I tell you I may pardon him in due time?
Fran. Good Madam, be advis'd I do not preſs you
For his ſake, but your own, Truſt my experience,
To women nought's ſo fatal as ſuſpence;
Whoſe ſmarteſt actions, ne're did caſt ſuch Blot,
On honor, as this, ſhall I? ſhall I not?
D. Blan. I'de rather die, then have him think me Eaſie.
Fran. Your ſpirit, never can be liable
To that ſuſpicion, Madam leave to me
The conduct of this matter, I beſeech you,
If e're you ſleep, you do not ſee the Gallant
Sufficiently humbled at your feet,
Ne're truſt *Franciſca* more.
D. Blan. You are ſo troubleſome, do what you will.
(Blanca *turns away and* Exit *as into her Cloſet.*
Fran. ——— What gone away?
I'le do what ſhe would have, but dares not ſay.
Enter Don Julio *and* Silvia *as in* Blanca's *Chamber.*
Don Julio Where is my Siſter *Silvia*?
[looking about him.] *Silv.* ——— In her Cloſet, Sir,
As yet not ready.
Jul. ——— And wher's *Franciſca*?
Silv. She's with her, dreſſing her.
D. Jul. ——— Why then *Elvira*,
Let me not Looſe this opportunity,
Of telling you, how ſad a man I am.

To

To see you in this posture, and to assure you
How gladly I would lay down life, and fortune,
To serve you in *Don Fernando*'s absence.

Silv. Your generosity I make no doubt of:
But is *Fernando* gone?

D. Ful. —— I cannot say,
That he is gon, for he was not himself,
With the thought of leaving you, And yet less
Himself, when e're he thought of staying near you,
Tortur'd by two such contrary passions,
As love, and sharp resentment.

Silv. He is gone then? (*She pawses.*

—— Ah! generous *Don Fulio*?
[*Putting her Handkercher to her Eyes.*] You needs must be Indulgent, to a weakness
Which whilst that he was present Indignation,
And a just Sence of what I am, had power
To keep within my self, but now I find
That check remov'd, Nature will have it's tribute,
And you must pardon my withdrawing, where [*She weeps.*
Such grief, may pay it, with unwitness't tears. (*Exit* Silvia.

Ful. Can a demeanour, so composed, so Noble,
And yet so tender, want true Innocence?
It cannot be, It grieves my heart I swear,
T'have given her new affliction, but the Secret
Of *Don Fernando*'s close concealment here
Is so important, it necessitated
My saying what I did, since secrets are
E'ver kept best, by those that know them least.

Enter Blanca *and* Francisca.

Ful. Now high dissimulation, play thy Part.
[*To her*] Good Morrow Sister, have you rested well?
And do you rise Serene, as does the Sun,
Free from distemper, as the day from Clouds,
Your looks perswade it me, they are so clear,
And fresh this morning.

Blan.

Blan. The pleasure of seeing you, puts life into them,
Else they'd be dull enough, this ugly Head-ache
Having tormented me all night, you might
Have heard me call *Francisca* up at midnight,
Fran. That was well thought on, for 'tis possible (*Aside.*
He may have heard some Noise.
Jul. ——— How cunning she's! (*Aside.*
Faith now you put me in mind of it I think
T'wixt sleep and waking, I once heard some stirring.
Blan. The worst of my indisposion is,
That t'will I fear hinder me again, to day,
From visiting *Violante*, to thank her
For *Silvia.*
Jul. I charge my self with all your Complements,
For this whole after-noon till late at night
I needs must pass with her, to make amends
For yesterdays failings, caus'd as you know
By *Don Fernando*'s being in Town.
Blan. I must not hope to see you then again
To day, when once gone out.
Jul. Hardly, unless to wait on *Violante*
In case she come to see you, as 'tis likely,
When I shall tell her, you are indisposed;
And so farewell. (*Exit* Julio
Blan. All's well I see *Francisca* as to him,
I wish my heart, were but as much at rest
In what concerns *Don Zancho.*
Fran. ——— It shall be
Your own fault, if it be not quickly so,
As I'le order the matter.
Blan. Take heed, you make him not grow insolent
By discovering to him my facillity.
Fran. I'me too well vers't, to need instructions.
Blan. I leave all t'ee, But how does *Silvia*
This morning?

Fran.

Fran. ——— I think she has been crying
She looks so dull and moped.
Blan. I'le in and see her. [*Exeunt.*

Scene *Changes to* Don Zancho's *house.*

Enter Don Zancho *and* Chichon *limping.*

Don Zan. What not yet gone, thou lazy trifling Rascal?
Chic. What juster excuse Sir, for not going
Then is a broken Legg?
D. Zanc. If you find not your own Legg quickly Sirrah,
I shall find you a wooden one.
Chic. Be as angry as you will Sir, I'le not go
Till I have maid my conditions; The true time
For servants to stand upon points, is when
Their Masters stand upon Thorns.
D. Zanc What are they, Owls face?
Chic. Assurance Sir, but of free air within,
With fair retreat, upon an even Floor,
And that it shall not be in a sluts power,
After having kept me in a nasty place,
To empt' me out at window.
Don Zan. ——— Prithy *Chichon*
Adone and miss not th'oppertunity
By fooling, unless you take *Francisca*
Just as she comes from Mass, this day is lost,
And I lost with it.
Chic. —— Come, I'le hobble to her,
Expect a sorry account, but yet a true one;
Truth always comes, by the lame Messenger. (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to a fine pleasant Apartment.*

Enter D. Julio *and knocks as at the Door of his private Apartment;* Fernando *opens the door and lets him in.*

Fer. Y'have given me here a very pleasant Prison:
But what news my *Julio*? Are things disposed
For clearing of your doubts? My own concerns

I cannot think on, during your diſquiet.

Ful. And I come now ſo ſtrangely moved with yours,
I ſcarce have ſence or memory of my own,
A heart of Adamant could not be hindred
I think, from liquifaction into tears:
I'have ſeen, and heard *Elvira* as I have done,
Upon th'occaſion of my telling her
That you were gone,
A ſence ſo gallant, and ſo tender both,
I never ſaw in Woman.

Fer. Can that high heart, deſcend to tenderneſs?

Ful. Not, (whilſt you preſent) Noble pride upheld it;
But Nature once ſet free from that conſtraint,
O how pathetique was her very ſilence!
And the reſtraint of tears, in her ſwolen Eyes,
More eloquent in grief, then others torrents:
If ſhe be guilty, all her Sex are Devils.

Fer. O ſay no more, For were there Room but leſt
For ſelf deceit, I might be happy yet;
Ah Evidence, too cruell, to deny me that. [*A noiſe without.*

Ful. But what can be the noiſe, I hear without
In the next Room.

(Fernando *peeps through the Key-hole.*

Fer. —— S'life I ſee *Don Pedro*
Elvira's father, ther's no avoding him,
H'eed not a come up ſo, without being ſure
You are within.

Ful. Further put oft, would be of little uſe,
Since firſt or laſt, he muſt be ſatisfy'd,
Being come hither upon ſuch an Arrant,
The ſooner now we ſee what 'tis, he drives at,
The ſooner we ſhall take from thence our meaſures;
I'le therefore go out to him, and be ſure
To entertain him ſtill, ſo near the door
That you may hear what paſſes.

Fer. I ſhall

Fer. I ſhall be attentive, and expect the Iſſue
With much impatience. (*Exit* Julio.

And the Scene *changes to* Don Julio's *Ante-Chamber.* *Enter* Don Pedro *and his ſervant, and* Don Julio *and a Page.*

Don Ped. My buſineſs, Sir, is to *Don Julio Rocca,* [*A preſſing himſelf to* D. Julio]
If you be he I ſhall deſire the favour
Of ſome few words with you in Private.

Don Jul. Sir, I am he to ſerve you, Page ſet Chairs.

He points to the Page, and makes him ſet the chairs by the door where Don Fernando *is, and then the Page and* Don Pedro's *man retire.* [*They ſit down.*]

D. Ped. Having not the honour to be known t'ee Sir,
'Tis fit this Letter make my Introduction;
'Tis from the Duke of *Medina.*

He gives Don Julio *the letter, which he receives with great reſpect; And going a little aſide reads it.*

THE LETTER.

DOn Pedro de Mendoca *my Kinſman, and moſt particular Friend goes to* Valencia, *in purſute of one who hath highly Injur'd his family, whoſe righting I am ſo much concern'd in, as could it have been done without too much publication of the thing, I would have accompanied him my ſelf, but my preſence will be needleſs in a place where you have power; I do therefore conjure you, and expect from your regard and kindneſs to me, that you employ it throughly in his behalf, and what ſervice you ſhall do him, put it upon my account, whom you ſhall always find,*

Your moſt affectionate Couſin to ſerve you
The Duke of *Medina.*

(Don Julio *giving the Letter to* Don Pedro *and he taking it.*

Don Jul. Sir, it is fit you ſee how heartily
The Duke hath recommended your concernments,
Whoſe will's a Law to me.

(Don Pedro *having read it, and reſtoring it.*

Don Ped. He told me indeed how very ſure he was
Of your Friendſhip and dependance.

——— I am proud to find he makes,
So obliging uſe of it to my advantage.
D. Jul. I do avow my ſelf his Creature Sir;
Therefore the ſooner you ſhall let me know
In what I may be uſeful t'ee, the ſooner
You'l ſee my readineſs to ſerve you.
Don Pedro. Your perſonal reputation Sir, as well
As your relation to the Duke, aſſured me
Before hand, of what I find, and therefore
As hard a part as it is for a Gentleman
Of my blood and temper, to become
Relator of his own ſhame, unreveng'd
On the Authour of it, I ſhall tell you in ſhort;
I live under an affront of th' higheſt Nature
To the Honour of my Family; And the Perſon
Who did it, makes *Valencia* his retreat,
'Tis againſt him, *Don Julio*,
That your aſſiſtance muſt ſupport me here,
I have already got ſome notice of him,
And when I ſhall be acertain'd, I'le repair
Again unto you for your friendly aide,
And for the preſent trouble you no farther.
(Don Pedro *offers to riſe as going away.*
Don Jul. A little patience I beſeech you Sir,
I have expreſs'd my readineſs, and be ſure
I am a man never to fail, where once
I have engaged my word; but Sir, withall,
You muſt muſt conſider with a fair reflexion
That in this place are all my chief Relations,
Of blood and friendſhip; and though neither ſhall
Have power t'exempt me from the ſerving you
In any juſt pretenſion; yet you know,
That men of Honour, ever ought to ſeek,
How to comply with one duty, without
Violating another.

Don Ped. I understand you Sir, and as 'tis that
Which well becomes a person of your worth,
To have reflected on; so it becomes me,
To satisfie before I engage you further,
Then give me leave to ask you, whither or no
Don Zancho de Menezes be of the number
Of those, towards whom y'are under obligation,
Either of blood, or friendship?

[Don Julio *shewing some little surprise but presently recovering.*

Don Jul. Don Zancho de Meneses say you?

Don Ped. ——— Sir, the same,
He startled at his Name. [*Aside.*

D. Jul. He is a person I have always liv'd
In friendly correspondance with, without
Any such tye upon me towards him,
As ought to hinder my frank serving you.

Don Ped. You have reviv'd me; and since I have now nam'd
My Enemy, I can conceal no longer
The Grounds on which he is so; That *Don Zancho*
About a fourtnight since, was late at night
Found in my house, run newly through the body,
And weltring in his blood, ready to expire;
I by the outcry brought upon the place,
Surpriz'd as you may imagine, and enraged,
Was yet so far Master of my passion,
As to disdain the owing my revenge
To an unknown hand, perhaps as guilty
Towards me, as was the sufferer; I made
Him straight be carried to a Surgeon, where,
I thought it generous to give him life
Then dead, that living I might give him death;
Recover'd sooner then I thought, he Fled,
And with him, as I have reason to believe,
My only Daughter, who the very night
Of the accident was missing; O the Curse

Of

Of men to have their Honours Subjected,
To the extravagance of such vile Creatures!
Ful. [*sighing.*] 'Tis our hard fate indeed.
D. Ped. I presently employ'd all diligence
To know what way he took, and having Learn't
'T was towards this place, hither I have pursued him;
Confirm'd in my pursuit, by information
A long the Road, that an unknown Gallant
Had with his Servant, guarded all the way
A conceal'd Lady in a Coach: And thus Sir,
You have the story of my injury,
Whereof I doubt not but your generous heart,
Will wed the just revenge.
Ful. You may rely on't Sir, without reserves,
To th'utmost of my power.
Don Ped. —— May the gods reward you,
The life that you Renue to these gray heirs;
I'le take my leave at present, and return t'ee
As soon as from the diligences used
I shall have Clearer lights.
Don Ful. Here you shall find me waiting your Commands.
[*Exit* Don Pedro, *and* Don Julio *waiting on him out.*
Scene *changes, and Enter* Don Julio, *and* Don Fernando
as in the private Apartment.
Don Ful. I hope you over heard us.
Fer. —— All distinctly,
And with surprizing joy at his mistake;
Did ever blood-hound, in a hot pursute,
Run on so readyly upon the change?
Ful. I hope it boads good fortune in the Rest.
Fer. Were e're two friends engag'd in an adventure
So intricate as we, and so Capricious?
Ful. Sure never in this world, me-thinks it merits
A special recapitulation:
You at the height of all your happiness

Sup-

Supplanted with your Miſtriſs by a Rival;
You neither knew nor dream't of; Evidence
Anticipating jealouſie.

Fer. And when that Rival, fallen by my Sword
In her own preſance, is by miracle
Revived, and fitter to ſerve her then I,
That faithleſs Miſtriſs, with the ſame aſſurance
She could have done, had ſhe been true, as fair,
And for my ſake expoſed to fatall hazards,
Flys to my Arms for her Protection.

Jul. And whil'ſt that you, refining point of Honour,
In ſpite of Rage expoſe your ſelf to ſerve her,
She asks, and takes, with a vowed indignation,
To be beholding t'ee, new obligations,

Fer. I have recourſe unto my only Friend,
To help me in protecting my falſe Miſtreſs,
And he, at the ſame time, by heigheſt Powers
Impos'd upon, to be her perſecutor.

Jul. Whil'ſt the ſame friend, and by the ſelf-ſame Powers,
Is urg'd to Act, in their revenge, againſt
The man, on whom you moſt deſire to take it;
And then, to heighten all beyond invention,
That very friend, is forſt, even in that inſtant,
To a dependance on your only Aide,
In his Honours neareſt and moſt nice concerns.

Fer. Heaven ſure delights t'involve us in a kind
Of *Laberinth*, will poſe it ſelf to unwind. (*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

Scene *changes to the Room at* Don Zancho's. *Enter* D. Zancho, *and* Chichon *at another door, halting ſtill with a ſtaff.*

D. Zan. WHat here again already? have you ſpead?
Chichon Lame as I am, you ſee I have made good ſpeed
In

In my return, what e're I have had in my Arrant.

D. Zan. Leave fool your quibling, and deliver me
From the disquiet of uncertainly.

Chich. That's quickly done, set Sir your heart at rest
From the vain hopes of ever seeing *Blanca*:
Now you are at ease I trow.

Don Zanc. You'l be at little, unless you leave your jesting
With such edg'd tools; Is banishment from her
Matter of Rallery? say Sirrah, and say
Quickly, what hopes?

——— Prithy if thou lov'st me [*kindly.*
Hold me no longer in suspence *Chichon.*

Chich. Why, then for fear, the Divel a bit for love,
I'le tell you Sir, That luckely I met
The Drab *Franciſca* at the Capuchins
Lodging, behind her Lady, I think on purpose,
For I perceiv'd, her eager Sparrow-Hawks eye
With her veil down (near stirs a twinckling while
From it's sly peeping hole) had found me straight,
I took my time in th'nick, but she out nick't me;
For trudging on, her face an other way,
With such a voice, as some you have seen, have had
The trick to draw, from Caverns of their Belly,
And make one think it came from a mile off;
She made me hear these words about twilight,
Fail not to pass by our door, and ask no more
At this time Varlet. And thus Sir, you see,
That neither she nor I, have been prolixe,
For this is all; You have leave to make your Comment
On a brief text.

Don Zanc. As sweet me-thinks as short, such words imply
Little less then a demy Assignation.

D. Zanc. All puddings have two ends, and most short sayings
Two handles to their meaning.

Don Zan. I'me sure I'le still lay hold upon the pleasing'st

Till

Till it be wrested from me: i'th' mean while,
If any visitants come this afternoon,
Be sure to tell them I am gone abroad,
That nothing else embarque us at the time;
You shall not go alone.

Chic. —— I thank you for it (*Holding up his staff.*
I cannot go alone. [*Exeunt* Chichon *halting.*

Scene *changes to* Don Julio's *private Apartment.* *Enter* Don Fernando *and* Julio *as in the private Apartment.*

Don Jul. All things are rightly laid, for *Violante*
Will pass the afternoon with *Blanca*, and then
I waiting on her home in th'evening, *Blanca*
Will be secure from me, till late at night,
I shall be where I told you, in full view
Of those two windows: If the Gallant come
Up the great Stairs, he must pass through that Room
And cannot scape your knowledge: If up the back one,
You needs must here him passing through the Entry
Close by that door. If this latter way,
Be sure to set the Candle in that window: (*Pointing.*
If up the other, in that; and in either case
As soon as he's within, fail not to bolt
On th'inside th'Entry door, that so he may
Find no retreat that way, I coming up
The other.

Don Fern. —— Be assured I shall be punctuall
As you direct. (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to* Don Pedro's *Lodging.* *Enter* Don Pedro, *and his servant* Fulvio.

Don Ped. Are you sure of what you say?

Ful. —— As sure, Sir,
As my own Eyes can make me of what I saw.
You cannot doubt my knowing him, since t'was I
(You may remember) fetcht the Surgeon to him,
And saw his wounds dresst more then once, or twice;

The Tavern where I was, looks into his Garden,
And there I left him walking, to come tell you.

D. Ped. We are well advanc't then, towards my just Revenge
I found *Don Julio* as ready to comply
With all the Dukes desires, as I could wish,
And my great fear is over, That *Don Zancho*
Might possibly have been some near Relation
Of his own; so that now *Fulvio*, if you
Keep but a careful Eye upon his motions,
And give me notice, he can hardly scape us.

Ful. Doubt not my diligence. *(Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to the Garden.* | *Enter* Blanca *and* Francisca *as in a fine Garden with Orange-trees and Fountains.*

Don. Blan. You must have your will, but know *Francisca*
If you expose me to his vanity,
I never shall forgive you.

Fran. I tell you, Madam, I will bring him t'ee
So mortifyed, he shall an object be
For pity, not for anger, you'l need employ
Kindness to erect the poor dejected Knight.

Don. Blan. It fell out luckely that *Violante*
Came hither, for my Brother now engaged
With her, w'are safe till ten a Clock at least.

Fran. But how shall we dispose of *Silvia*?
It will be hard to scape her observation,
For she has wit, and of the dangerous kind,
A melancholy wit: O the unlucky Star
That leads a Lady, engaged in love intrigues
To take a new Attendant near her Person!

Don. Blan. 'Twas an unluckiness, but *Violante*
Could not be deny'd, I having told her
So often that I wanted one; besides
Who could have thought, she had one ready at hand,
But we must make the best on't for this night:
'Twill not be hard to busie her, till 't be late

In

In the perfuming Room. This near occaſion
We'll o're, I think it will not be amiſs
Againſt another, to ſay ſome what to her
That may in caſe ſhe have perceiv'd any thing
Perſwade her ſhe is not diſtruſted.

Fran. Madam take heed of that, when e're you find
It neceſſary to ſay any thing,
Be ſure to ſay that, that ſhe may think all;
Take one Rule more from my experience,
Nothing ſo fatal as a Confidence
By halves in amorous tranſactions;
But here ſhe comes.

D. Blan. Come *Silvia*, and take your part of this ſweet Place;
This is a day indeed, to taſt it's freſhneſs.

Sil. Madam I needs muſt ſay, within a Town
I never ſaw ſo fine a one.

Don. Blan. ——— In truth
I think not many ſweeter. Thoſe Fountains
Playing among thoſe Orange trees and Mirtles,
Have a fine mix't effect on all the ſenſes;
But think not *Silvia* to enjoy the pleaſure
Without contributing to make it more.

Sil. How can I be ſo happy?

D. Blan. *Franciſca* tells me ſhe has over-heard you
Warbling alone ſuch Notes unto your ſelf,
As have not only a good voice betray'd,
But skill to manage it.

Sil. ——— It is *Franciſca*
That has betray'd, a very ill one Madam.

Don. Blan. Under yon Palm tree's ſhade, there is a ſeat
That yields to none in the advantages
It lends to Muſick, let's go ſit down there,
For this firſt time, one Song ſhall ſatisfie.

Silv. When you have heard that one, I ſhall not fear
Your asking me another. (*They go and ſet down under the Palm-tree and* Silvia *ſings.*

THE SONG.

See, O see!
How every Tree,
Every Bower,
Every Flower,
A new life gives to others joys,
Whilst that I,
Grief strucken lie,
Nor can meet
With any sweet,
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Hear, O hear!
How sweet, and clear
The Nightingal,
And waters fall,
In consort joyn for others Ears,
Whilst to me
For harmony,
Every Air
Eccho's despair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are all the senses pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Don. Blan. I thank you *Silvia*, but I'le not allow
One of your youth, to nourish melancholly
By tunes and words so flattering to that passion.
Silv. The happiness of serving you may fit me
In time, for gayer things.
Don. Blan. I will not ask another for the present,
Not for your reason, but because I'le be
More moderate in my pleasures; Now *Silvia*
I have a task to give you.
Silv. What e're it be, t'will be a pleasing one
Of your imposing.
Don. Blan. —— 'Tis to gather store of
Fresh Orange Flowers, and then carefully
To shift the Oyls in the perfuming Room,
As in the several ranges you shall see
The old begin to wither; To do it well
Will take you up some hours; But 'tis a work
I oft perform my self; And that you may
Be sure not to mistake, I'le go thither
With you, and shew you the manner of it.
Sil. I hope I shall not fail so well instructed. (*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene *changes to the Room at* Don Zancho's. *Enter* Don Zancho *and* Chichon.

Chic. Y'are ſo impatient Sir, you will mar all,
I tell you that 'tis yet too light by half,
The Sun is hardly ſet; pray fetch a turn
Or two more in the Garden, ear you go.

D. Zan. You muſt be Governour, I ſee, to night,
You are ſo proud o'th'ſervice you have done;
Come away. (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to the Garden again.* Silvia *appears in the Garden as gathering flowers from the Orange Trees, and then with her Apron full going away ſays,*

Silv. The task enjoyn'd me is a ſweet one truly,
But I ſmell ſomewhat more in the impoſall;
So far I am happy yet in my misfortune
That I am lighted into a Lady's ſervice
Of an obliging humour; But moſt of all
One that as kind as ſhe is, I ſee's as glad,
To leave me alone as I to be it, ſomewhat
There is, miſterious in her looks, and conduct:
Such motions juſt, ſuch inequalities,
Such flatteries to thoſe I truſted leaſt,
Such pretty employments found, to buſie thoſe
I would be rid of; And ſuch arts as theſe
To ſingle out her Confident unnoted,
I well remember would *Elvira* uſe,
Whil'ſt the unquiet joys of Love, poſſeſt her,
How innocent ſoever; And beſides,
Franciſca's ſitting up ſo late laſt night,
And going up and down ſo warily,
Whilſt others ſlept, is evidence enough
What God raigns here, as well as at the Court.
But I forget my ſelf: Let deſcants ceaſe,
Who ſerves though ſhe obſerves, muſt hold her peace.
(*Exit* Silvia.

Scene

Scene *changes to the Proſpect of* Valencia. *Enter* Don Zancho *with his Cloak o're his face, and* Chichon.

Don Zanc. Advance *Chichon*, I'le follow at a diſtance:
'Tis the right time, juſt light enough, you ſee,
For warn'd Expectors to know one another;
I hope ſhe will not fail you.

Chic. ——— She fail us?
No Centinel *perdu* is half ſo alerte
As ſhe in theſe occaſions.

Enter Franciſca *vailed peeping, as out of the portal of* Don Julio's *houſe.*

Fran. There comes the Varlet, and I'me much deceiv'd,
Or that's his Maſter lagging at a diſtance,
I'le give them a go by, cover'd with my vail.
[*She paſſes by them heedleſly.*

Chic. By that light as little as 'tis, 'Tis ſhe,
I'le to her.

Don Zanc. ——— And I'le ſtand cloſe the while,
When you have broken the Ice, I'le take my time.
[Chichon *going to* Franciſca *lays hold of her vail, and ſhe turns about.*

Chic. What ſignifies a Vail to hide my Doxye?
When every motion of a leg or wing
Darts round perfuming, and informing Airs,
Thou art the very Colly-flower of Women.

Fran. And thou the very Cabbidge-ſtalk of Men,
That never ſtunk to me, as does a Blab.

Chic. Curſe on thee, hold thy tongue; Do'ſt thou not ſee
Who ſtands againſt that wall.

Fran. Away, ſawce-Box. [*She thruſting him off goes on.*
[Don Zancho *ſets himſelf juſt in her way, and makes as if he would lie down in it.*

D. Zanc. Paſs, trample on me, do, trample; But here me.

Fran. Theſe ſhoo's have been my Ladies, and ſhe'd ne're [*Shewing her foot.*
Forgive it, ſhould they do you ſo much Honour.

* 'Tis

* 'Tis thou haſt caus'd all this. [**Aſide turning to* Chichon.

Chic. —— Fire on thy tongue.

Don Zanc. Ah! my *Franciſca*, if their be no hopes
Of pardon, nor of pity; Yet at leaſt
Let *Blanca* for her own ſake, be ſo juſt
As not to give me cruel death unheard:
Do you your part at leaſt, and do but give her
This letter from me. [*He offers her a Letter, and ſhe ſtarting back.*

Fran. —— Guarda. That's a thing
She has forbidden, with ſuch Menaces,
I dare as well become another *Porcia*,
And eat red burning coales. I had much rather
Conſent, that now ſhe's all alone at home,
You ſhould tranſportedly ruſh in upon her
As following me, ſo poſſibly you might
Attain your end, without expoſing me;
Who in that caſe, know how to Act my Part
So ſmartly againſt you, as ſhall keep her clear
From all ſupition; But I am to blame
Thus to forget my duty, I'le ſtay no longer.

[*He ſtops her and pulling out a Purſe of money, put's it unto her hand.*

Don Zanc. Spoak like an Angel.

[Franciſca *offers to reſtore the Purſe but yet holding it faſt.*

Fran. This is you know ſuperfluous with me,
And ſhock's my humour; But any thing from you:
Be ſure you follow boiſterouſly.

[*She trudges away, and goes in haſtily as to* Julio's *houſe and* Don Zancho *follows her in.* Chichon *ſtops at the door.*

Chic. I'le bring you no ill luck a ſecond time;
If for ſports ſake, you have projected me
Another Somerſet, from the Balcone,
Make your account, that 'tis already done,
Here you will find me halting in the ſtreet. (*Exit* Chichon.

Scene

Scene *changes to* Donna Blanca's *Ante Chamber.* *Enter* Donna Blanca *as in her Ante Chamber.*

Don Blan. How true it is, that Nature cheats mankind,
And makes us think our ſelves the onely Taſters
Of pure delight, and bliſs; when as indeed,
Oppreſſing us with pains, and griefs, ſhe makes
Deliverance from them, paſs for ſolid pleaſure:
Witneſs in me thoſe Images of joy
Wherewith ſhe flatters now my expectation:
What will it's higheſt ſatisfaction be,
At moſt, but eaſe from what tormented me?

Entir Franciſca *haſtily.*

Fran. It now imports, you have affected Rage,
As ready at hand as uſually you have
Anger, in earneſt; But above all, be ſure
You diſcharge it ſmartly upon me, for here
He preſſes at my heels.

Enter Don Zancho, *and goes to caſt himſelf at* Donna Blanca's *feet, and ſhe ſtarting back from him.*

Don. Blan. What inſolence is this?
—— Think not *Franciſca*
That I am to be fool'd; This is your work,
You ſhall not ſtay an hour within theſe walls;
By all that's good you ſhall not.

Fran. For heavens ſake Madam, be not ſo unjuſt [*Whining.*
To an old ſervant, always full of duty;
But can I govern mad men, would y' have had me
Make all the Street take notice? There he attacqued me
With ſuch tranſportment, the whole Town had rung on't
Had I not run away; Could I imagine
A man ſo wilde as to purſue me hither
Into your preſence?

Don. Blan. —— * It is well *Don Zancho* [* *Severely and ſcornfully.*
Blanca may be thus uſed; But he that does it
Shall find—[*She turns away as going out he holds her by the ſleeve.*

Don

Don Zanc. Pardon this rudeneſs Madam; But a man
Made deſperate, hath nothing more to menage.
Hither I come, to give you ſatisfaction,
And if my reaſons can't, my heart blood ſhall;
But you muſt hear me, or here ſee me dead.

D. Blan. Since to be rid of him *Franciſca*, I ſee [*Turning to Franciſca.*]
I muſt the pennance undergo of hearing him,
Keep careful watch, to prevent accidents.

Fran. Madam, your Cloſit will be much more proper
For ſuch a Conference; For in caſe your Brother
Should come, *Don Zancho* has a ſafe retreat
From thence, down the back Stairs. I ſhall be ſure
To give you timely notice.

Don Zanc. And I know perfectly the paſſage thorough
Th'Entry, I've come up more then once that way,
During my happy days.

D. Blan. I think y'have reaſon, ſince I muſt have patience
Light us in thither. [Franciſca *takes the lights, and going before them*, Exeunt omnes.]

Scene *changes to the Proſpect of* Valencia. *Enter* Don Julio *as in the Portal of his own houſe.*

D. Jul. The light was in the further window, therefore
He went up this way: Now if *Fernando*
Have not forgot to bolt the Entry Door,
He cannot ſcape us ſure, who ear he be.
—— 'Tis the only Comfort,
In ſuch misfortunes, when a man hath means
To right his Honour, without other help
Then ſuch a friend, as is another ſelf,
And that the ſhame's even from Domeſtiques hid
Until it be revenged. [*Exit* Don Julio *as going into his own houſe.*

Enter Chichon *as coming out of the Porch before* Julio's *houſe.*

Chic. S'light 'tis *Don Julio*, that I ſaw go in,
My Maſter's like to paſs his time but ill,

I'le ſteal in after, and obſerve, although
My courage cannot ſteed him, my wit may,
As things may poſſibly fall out [*Exit* Chichon *as ſtealing after* (Don Julio *into his houſe.*

Scene *changes to* Donna Blanca's *Cloſet.*

Enter Don Zancho *and* Donna Blanca *as in her Cloſet.*

D. Blan. As fine a ſtory as may be; No *Don Zancho*,
Blanca Rocca, am not *Carta Blanca*,
Fit to receive what e're impreſſion
Your Art ———

Enter Franciſca *haſtily.*

Fran. ——— Your Brother's in the Hall already;
Quick, Quick, and let him find you in your Chamber
Before your Glaſs, I have ſet it ready there
*Whil'ſt he retires the way that was reſolv'd. [**Pointing* (*to* Don Zancho.

Scene *changes to* Donna Blanca's *Bed chamber.*

Franciſca *takes the Candle, and* Exeunt *ſhe, and* Donna Blanca *and* D. Zancho *another way.*

Re-enter Donna Blanca *and* Franciſca *as in* Blanca's *chamber, and ſhe newly ſeated at her Toilet, and beginning to unpin.*
Enters Don Julio.

Don Jul. Blanca I thought you had been a bed ear this,
Have you had company to entertain you,
And keep you up beyond your uſual hour?

D. Blan. What Company can I have, you abroad,
As this time of the night?

D. Jul. I fain would find out ſome ſuch as might pleaſe you:
[*Ironically*] *Franciſca* take a Candle and light me in
To *Blanca*'s Cloſet.

D. Blan. ——— Good Brother what's the matter?
You were not wont to be ſo curious
As thus to pry into my Privacies.

D. Jul.

D. Jul. That you ſhall know anon: Do as I bid you *Franciſca*,

Franciſca *takes one of the Candles, and going before him ſtumbles and falling puts out the light.* Don Julio *taking it up, lights it again at the other on the Table, and going with it himſelf towards* Donna Blanca's *Cloſet.*

D. Jul. Theſe Tropes are loſt on me. [*Exit.*

Fran. Let him go, now we have gain'd time enough.

D. Blan. Thanks to thy timely fall.

Fran. —— Perſons employ'd
In ſuch truſts, muſt have their wits about them;
'Tis clear that he ſuſpects, but know he cannot,
When once you ſee all ſafe, 'twill then import you
To play the Tyrant over him, with reproaches
For this his jealouſie.

D. Blan. —— Let me alone for that,
But let us follow him in, that we may mark
His whole demeanour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Zancho *in diſorder.*

D. Zanc. Curſe on't, the Entry door's bolted within,
What ſhall I do? [*He pawſes.*
—— I muſt ſeek a way
Through the Perfuming Room, into the Garden. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Julio *with a Candle in his hand, and paſſing haſtily over the Stage.*

D. Jul. He muſt be gone this way, there is no other,
The Entry door was bolted.

Enter Donna Blanca *and* Franciſca, *and paſſes over the Stage as ſtealing after* Don Julio.

Fran. All's ſafe, he takes that way, let him a God's name
Follow his Noſe, to the Perfuming Room.

D. Blan. Hee'l fright poor *Silvia* out of her wits,
But I'le come to her ſuccour, with a peal
I'le ring him. [*Exeunt* Donna Blanca *and* Franciſca.

Scene *changes to the Laboratory.*

Here is to open a curious Scene *of a Laboratory in perſpective, with a Fountain in it, ſome Stills, many Shelves with Pots of Porcelane, and Glaſſes, with Pictures above them, the Room paved with black and white Marble with a Proſpect through Pillars, at the end diſcovering the full Moon, and by it's light a perſpective of Orange Trees, and towards that further end* Silvia *appears at a Table ſhifting Flowers, her back turned.*

Enter Don Zancho *haſtily, and* Silvia, *that is,* Elvira *turning about they both ſtartle, and ſtand a while as it were amazed.*

D. Zan. O heavens! what i'ſt I ſee? 'Tis meer Illuſion,
Or 'tis the Devil in that Angels form,
Come here to finiſh, by another hand
The fatall work that ſhe begun upon me
By *Don Fernando's.*

Silvia Good gods *Don Zancho* here! it cannot be,
[*Donna Elvira.*] Or 'tis his Goſt come to revenge his death
On it's occaſioner; For were he alive,
He could not but have more humanity
Then (having been my ruine at *Madrid*,
And robb'd me of my home, and honour there)
To envy me an obſcure ſhelter here.

Whilſt they amazed ſtep back from one another. Enter Don Julio *who ſeeing* Don Zancho *with his back towards him drawing his Sword ſays.*

D. Jul. Think not (who ear thou art), by flying thus,
From Room to Room, to ſcape my juſt Revenge;
Should'ſt thou retire to th'Center of the Earth,
This Sword ſhould find thee there, and pierce thy heart.

[*Throwing down the Candle he makes towards* Don Zancho, *but upon his turning about towards him, he makes a little ſtop and ſays.*

D. Jul. Nay, then if it be you, I'me happy yet

In

In my my misfortune, since the gods thus give me
The means at once, and by the self same stroak,
To right my honour, and revenge my friend;
And by that action, fully to comply
With what the Duke requires in the behalf
Of wrong'd *Don Pedro*.

Don Julio *makes at* Don Zancho, *he draws and they begin to fight*, Silvia, *that is*, Elvira *crying out help, help, runs to part them, and they stop upon her interposing.*

Enter Don Fernando *hastily over the Stage, as coming from the private Apartment.*

Don Fer. I hear an out-cry, and clattering of Swords;
My friend engag'd, must find me by his side.

[Exit *and re-enters at another door.*

As Fernando *comes as to the door of the Perfuming Room, seeing them at a stand, he stops and stands close.*

Don Fer. They are Parlying, let's hear. (*Aside.*

[Donna Blanca *and* Francisca *passing over the Stage.*

D. Blan. 'Twas *Silvia*'s voice, my heart misgives me somewhat.
Fran. 'Tis some new accident, or some mistake,
Don Zancho cannot but be safe long since.
Don Blan. However let us in and see.

[*Exeunt* Donna Blanca *and* Francisca, *and re-enter as at another door of the Perfuming Room, and make a stand as surpris'd with what they see.*

Don Blan. We are all undone I fear.
Fran. A little patience. [Chichon *stealing over the Stage.*
Chic. The noise is towards the Perfuming Room,
I know the back way to it through the Garden.

[*Exit* Chichon, *and re-enters at the further end of the Laboratory and stands close.*

Don Zan. Wit must repair the disadvantages (*Aside.*

I'me

I'me under here, and ſave my *Blanca*'s honour,
That once ſecured, there will be time enough
To ſalve *Elvira's*.

(*Whilſt this paſſes* Elvira *holds* Julio *by the arm, he ſtriving to get from her.*

Zancho to *Julio*] Since by this Ladies interpoſing thus,
You have thought fit, our Swords ſhould pawſe a while,
It may I think conſiſt enough with Honour,
So far to ſeek your ſatisfaction Sir,
As to remove miſtakes; Know then *Don Julio*,
That though I have preſum'd upon your houſe,
I have not wrong'd your honour; It is ſhe
With whom you find me, that hath brought me hither,
Her I have long adored, and having got
Intelligence, that ſhe was here conceal'd,
My Paſſion I confeſs tranſported me
Beyond that circumſpection and regard,
Which men of quality uſe and ought t'obſerve,
Towards one another's dwellings.

D. Jul. Good gods what an adventure's here? Yet all (*Aſide.*
Is well, ſo *Blanca*'s honour be but ſafe.
Sir, you ſurpriſe me much, can this be true? (To *D. Zancho*
Blan. Franciſca heard'ſt thou that, Had ever man *Aſide.*)
So ready a wit, in ſuch an Exigent?

Don Julio to *Elvira*) What ſay you Madam?

Fran. W'are ſurer loſt then ever, unleſs ſhe (*Aſide.*
Have wit, and heart, to take the thing upon her.
Madam, make ſigns to her, and earneſtly. (To *Blan.*

Blanca *makes earneſt ſigns.*

Silvia. } *To* Elvira. }

Franciſca She looks this way, as if ſhe comprehended
[Aſide to *Blanca.*] Your meaning.

Elv. I underſtand her, and I know as well (*Aſide.*
What miſchief I may draw upon my ſelf,

But

But let *Elvira* ſtill do generouſly
And leave the reſt to fate.
——— Sir, ſince you preſs me, (To *Julio*
My humour ne're could diſavow a truth,
Don Zancho's paſſion, and tranſportments for me
Beyond all Rules of temper, and diſcreſſion,
Have been the cauſe of all my ſad misfortunes,
And ſtill I ſee muſt be the cauſe of more.
Jul. Unhappy Creature, how thou haſt deceiv'd
My prone perſwaſion of thy Innocence.
Don Zancho If that ſuffice not Sir, you have this ready
[holding out his Sword.] To give you ſatisfaction.
D. Fer. Hell and Furies, but I will yet contain (*Aſide.*
My ſelf, and ſee how far my friend will drive it.
Don Jul. Stay *Don Zancho*,
And anſwer me one queſtion, Is this Night
The firſt of your preſuming thus to enter
My houſe by ſtealth?
Zan. ——— The quere is malicious, (*Aſide.*
But I muſt thorough, as I have begun
[*Blanca* aſide to *Franciſca*] There was a queſtion, makes me tremble ſtill.
D. Zancho No Sir, it is not I'le keep nothing from you;
[to *Julio.*] Laſt Night upon the ſame occaſion.
Jul. ——— Hold it ſuffices.
Franciſca All's ſafe, you ſee, for Godſake lets away
[aſide haſtily to *Blanca.*] E're *Julio* perceive us,
Your preſence here, can ſerve for nothing Madam,
But to beget new chances, and ſuſpicions.
[*Exeunt* Blanca *and* Franciſca.
[Fernando *ruſhes out drawing his Sword.*
Fer. Yes, it ſuffices *Julio* to make
This hand ſtrike ſurer then it did before.
Elv. Nothing was wanting to my miſery, (*Aſide.*
But his being here to over-hear; But yet
I muſt not ſuffer the ſame hand to kill him.

A ſecond

A ſecond time, upon a greater errour
Then was the firſt.

(Don Fernando *making at* Don Zancho, Elvira *ſteps between, and* Julio *alſo offers to ſtay him.*

Fer. [striving to come at *Zancho.*] Strive to protect your Gallant from me, do,
Strive, but in vain; The gods themſelves cannot:
What you *Don Julio* too?

(Chichon *running out from the place where he lurck't, ſtrikes out both the lights with his hat.*

Chic. I have loved to ſee fighting, but at preſent,
I love to hinder ſeeing how to fight.
Knights brandiſh now your blades, 'twill make fine work [*Aloud.*
Among the Gallipots.
You have me by your ſide Sir, Let them come (*As to his Maſter.*
They are but two to two.
Sir follow me, I'le bring you to the Door. [Aſide to his Maſter and pulling him.]

Don Zanc. There's no diſhonour in a wiſe Retreat
From diſadvantages to meet again
Ones Enemy upon a fairer ſcore.

[Chichon *puſhing his Maſter before him out of the Door.*

Chichon There 'tis, advance Sir, I'le make good the Rear.
[aſide to his maſter.] [*Exeunt* Don Zancho *and* Chichon.

Don Jul. Ho, who's without? bring lights. [*He ſtamps.*
——— They cannot hear us,
The Room is ſo remote from all the reſt,
What a confuſion's this? Recall *Fernando,* (To *Fernando.*
Your uſuall temper, and let's leave this place,
And that unhappy Maid, unto it's darkneſs,
To hide her bluſhes, ſince her ſhame it cannot.

(*Exit* Don Julio *groping, and drawing* Fernando *with him.*

Elvira *ſola.*

Darkneſs and horrour wellcome, ſince the gods
Live in the dark themſelves; For had they light
Of what's done here below; They would afford

Some

Some Ray to ſhine on injur'd Innocence,
And not inſtead thereof, thus multiply,
Obſcuring Clouds upon it, ſuch as the Sun,
Should he with all his Beams illuminate
Mens underſtandings ſcarce could diſſipate;
I now begin to pardon thee *Fernando*,
Since what thou haſt heard, in this inchanted Place,
Carries conviction in't againſt my firmneſs,
Above the power of Nature to ſuſpend
My condemnation: Unleſs wrong'd vertue might
Expect in thee, a juſtice ſo refin'd
As ne're was found in man to woman kind.
'Tis now I muſt confeſs, the loſt *Elvira*,
Fit only for a Cloiſter, where ſecure
In her own ſpotleſs mind, ſhe may defie
All cenſures; And without Impietie
Reproach her Fate, even to the Deitie. [Exit *groaping her way*.

ACT. V.

Enter Don Julio *talking to himſelf, and at another door* Fernando, *who perceiving it, ſtands cloſe.*

Don. Jul. BLeſt be the gods, that yet my Honour's ſafe,
Amidſt ſuch ſtrange perplexities, from which
Fortune, and wit, I think, together joyn'd
With all their ſtrength, could hardly an iſſue find.
To temper, comfort, or to ſerve my friend;
What argument? What means? how to aſſiſt
Don Pedro in his aims, and to comply
With what I owe the Duke, I ſee as little,
And leſs conceive, how to behave my ſelf
As ought a Gentleman towards a Lady,
With whoſe Protection he hath charg'd himſelf,
And brought her to his houſe on that aſſurance,

Whom to expose, cannot consist with honour,
However she may have expos'd her own,
And least of all, how to repair to *Blanco*
The injury I have done her, whose high spirit
I fear will be implacable. O heavens!
What a condition's mine!

[*He stands pausing, and starts seeing*
Enter Fernando. Fernando.

D. Fer. Pardon dear Cousin, if to avoid one rudeness
I have another unawares committed.
Whilst fearing to interrupt, I have overheard,
Yet nothing Cousin, but the self-same things,
My thoughts have been revolving all this night,
Concern'd for you, much more then for my self,
For I upon reflexion, find I am
Much easier then I was; By certainty
Free'd from the sorest weight, Perplexity.
In the first place, You must forgive your friend,
The high distemper of last Nights transportments,
I hope you'l find me well recover'd from them,
And that my morning resolutions are
Such, as will make amends.

D. Ful. Make no excuse dear friend, such provocations
Surprising, are above Philosophy,
And 'tis no small experiment of yours,
If after them, you can have brought your self
So soon, to fix a judgement what to do.

Don Fer. I have fix't on that, which I am sure will serve
All Interests but my own, as heretofore
I understood my happiness, but now
I shall no longer place it in any thing
Dependant on the wild Caprichio of others.

——— No *Fulio*,
I will be happy even in spight of fate,

By

By carrying generosity up to the height.
Elvira shall her dear bliss, owe to me,
Not only by desisting, but by making
Her lov'd *Don Zancho* marry her, his refusal
Alone, can make me kill him o're again.

Don Jul. Since that unhappy Maid, withall her beauty
And that high Quality, hath made her self
Unworthy of your Marriage, certainly
None but *Fernando*, ever could have pitch't
Upon so Noble a thought, but think withal
What difficulties are likely to obstruct it.

D. Fer. Say what occur's to you.

D. Jul. *Don Zancho* is a man of wit, and courage,
And though his passion out of doubt be great,
Since it hath made him do so wild an action,
As that of coming twice into my house
After so strange a manner; Yet *Fernando*
You cannot but imagine, such a One,
Likely to have quite different reflexions,
Upon *Elvira*'s conduct for a wife,
From what he has, upon it for a Mistress,
They are two notions very differing:
Besides should the proposal but appear
In the least kind, to spring from your desire,
Whose former commerce with her 's not unknown,
It were the only way to drive him off
Past all recall, I think few have accepted
Wifes recommended to them by their Rival.

D. Fer. In that y' have reason I confess; But *Julio*
Think of the way, for marry her he must
Or die, and by no other hand but mine.

Don Julio pawsing.

I am thinking of it, and I hope to purpose.
What Interposer can be found so fit
As *Blanca* in this business? since *Don Zancho*
Has long been her particular acquaintance.

And what can be more Natural, then for her
To take to heart, *Elvira's* chief concernment?
Whom he finds here retired in her misfortune
As to her surest friends.

D. Fer. Y'have lighted Cousin on the only way,
And lose no time I beg you.

D. Ful. The least that may be; but you must consider
In what a predicament I am likely
To be with *Blanca*, at present.

D. Fer. I understand you (since the jealousie
You expresst of her.) But 'tis to be hoped
The peace will not be long a making.

D. Ful. You little know her spirit, once inflamed,
But as I'le lose no time, so I'le omit
No Art to bring her to a temper, fit
To hear and to advance the Proposition.

D. Fer. Heaven give you good success.

(* Julio *turning back to* Fernando.

D. Ful. * I had forgot to tell you, that I think
It will be necessary, that as soon
As I have weather'd *Blanca's* storm, I make
A visit to *Don Pedro*, to prevent
His coming hither, to disorder us,
Before we have set things Right.

D. Fer. 'Twas not ill thought on; And till your return
I shall keep close in your Apartment;
For *Blanca* has not seen me, and *Elvira*
Has too great cares upon her to be curious. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Blanca *and* Francisca, Blanca *with a gay air.*
As in her Ante-Chamber.

D. Blan. Say my *Francisca*, can Romances equal
Our last night's adventure? was there ever
Such a come off? Our Sex has used to boast
Presence of mind in Exigents of Love,
But I believe none of us ever match't.

Don

Don Zancho's readineſs in an occaſion
So ſudden and ſo Critical.

Fran. Ever give me the man of ready Parts.

D. Blan. But prithy, whil'ſt we give *Don Zancho* his dues,
Let us be juſt too, to poor *Silvia's* merit;
Was ever any thing ſo generous?
Or ſo obliging to a Miſtreſs?

Fran. So it appears Madam, I muſt confeſs,
But the exceſs of it makes it ſuſpicious.

Don. Blan. Fye, leave this humour of detracting ſtill,
And call her to me, that I may embrace
And thank her; That done conſider how
To bring her off, who has brought us off ſo well. (*Offers to go out.*

(*Enter* Don Julio.

Fran. Stay I beſeech you, and compoſe your ſelf
To act a part quite of another Nature;
Here comes *Don Julio*, towards whom I hope
You'l tune your ſelf, to a far differing Key
From that of thanks and kindneſs.

Don Blan. Let me alone for that, I'le play the Dragon.

As Julio *advances*, Blanca *turns from him with a furious countenance, and flyes out of the Room*, Julio *following her.*

D. Jul. Dear Siſter ſtay, and hear me.

D. Blan. Deteſted Brother leave me.

(*She makes as if ſhe were going, and he holds her.*

D. Jul. Hear me but *Blanca*, and then vent your paſſion
Againſt a Brother, that condemns himſelf
As much as you can do; But hear me ſpeak.

D. Blan. Your actions *Julio*, have ſpoke loud enough
To Eccho through the world, your ſhame and mine;
Has all the tenour of my life been ſuch,
With ſuch exactneſs, of unblemiſh't conduct,

That

That malice might have ſtain'd the noon day Sun
More eaſily, then tarniſh't *Blanca*'s honour,
And muſt that Honour, now be proſtitute,
By the Capricho of an unworthy Brother,
Should any other have invaded it,
Had not you righted her, She has a heart
Would have found ways to right her ſelf; But you
Th'Agreſſor, What remedy but Rage?
[*She flings from him, and* Exit.

Fran. She acts it rarely. [*Aſide.*

D. Ful. Was ever man ſo unfortunate as I? [To *Franciſca.*
I muſt confeſs ſhe has reaſon, and the ſenſe
She thus expreſſes of my fault, becomes her,
But it muſt be your work, my dear *Franciſca*,
To pacifie; When once you ſhall but know
All that has paſt theſe Nights, I am certain
You'l ſay, no humane confidence could ear
Be proof againſt ſuch circumſtances.

Fran. Alaſs, my offices can ſignifie [*As if ſhe were crying.*
But little. But I'me ſure the occaſion
Gives me a ſad heart, O my dear Lady.

D. Ful. I love good Nature, but I prithy leave
And come in with me, that I may tell thee all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Pedro, *and* Fulvio *as in his lodging.*

Don Ped. A God's name *Fulvio*, what has been thy meaning,
To make me ſit up almoſt all laſt night
Expecting thee, when ſuch impatience held me?
Thou wert not wont to be ſo negligent
In things of ſo great weight.

Fulv. Nor have I been it now, 'Tis over care
Of your commands, hath held me ſo long from you;
You know the orders that you gave me Sir,
To watch *Don Zancho*'s motions; Accordingly,
I ſate all day in my obſerving place
Till about twilight, I ſaw him and's man

Steal

Steal as it were abroad; I as warily,
Dogg'd them from Street to Street, till Sir, at length
He made a ſtand up cloſe againſt a Wall,
Whilſt that his Servant entertain'd a Woman
Cloſe Vail'd, who was come out I think on purpoſe
From an adjacent houſe; ſoon after he
Accoſted her himſelf, their Conference
Laſted but little, ſhe made haſt away
To th'houſe from whence ſhe came, and he as much
To follow her in.

Don Ped. Where waſt? and why cam'ſt thou not preſently?
To give me notice as you were directed.

Fulv. At that you will not wonder, when you know
Whoſe houſe he enter'd; But at this you'l wonder,
It was *Don Julio's*

D. Pedro ſtartling.] Ha! *Don Julio's* ſay'ſt thou? [*He pawſes.*
But now I think on't 'tis no marvel *Fulvio*,
Since newly come to Town, For I remember
Don Julio told me, that *Don Zancho* and he
Had always lived in friendly correſpondence.

Fulv. Viſits Sir, only of fair civility
After long abſence, are not uſually
Begun by twilight, in ſuch cautious manner;
Nor uſher'd in, by Female vail'd conducters:
But pray Sir, hear the reſt. (* To *Fulvio.*

D. Ped. What can this be? *ſay on then quickly, (*Aſide.*

Ful. I preſently concluded with my ſelf,
That ſince *Don Julio* was the friend on whoſe
Aſſiſtance you relyed againſt *Don Zancho*,
You near would think Sir, attacquing him
As he came out from thence, I judg'd it therefore
My wiſeſt courſe to ſtay, and mark the iſſue.
And ſtay I did, till it was after midnight,
About which time, walking from ſide to ſide,
That I might ſee both Iſſu's of the houſe,

In

It being as light almoſt as day, I ſaw
The Gallant and his man leap from the wall
Of *Julio's* Garden, and from thence in haſt
Make home. (*Julio's*
D. Ped. S'death man thou dream'ſt! *Don Zancho* from *Don*
In that manner; Awake fool and ſpeak ſenſe.
Fulv. I ſay but what I ſaw, as I ſee you.
D. Ped. O the Devil, What the ſame Villain
Found the affronter of my friend too, here
In the ſame kind? Give me my Cloak and Sword,
I muſt know the bottom of this. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Blanca *and* Franciſca, *as in her Ante-Chamber.*

D. Blan. I come from ſeeing and careſſing *Silvia*,
But with moſt ſtrange ſurpriſe, at her Comportment
Towards me,
Fran. How! Madam.
D. Blan. My words, and Actions both, expreſſing to her
Not only higheſt gratitude and kindneſs,
But a ſolicitude in the concerns
Of her honor, equal to what ſhe had ſhown
In mine; They were receiv'd with ſuch a coldneſs,
With ſuch an air of Melancholly pride,
With half replys, and thoſe not half to th'purpoſe,
As make me with amazment to conclude,
That either ſhe has loſt her underſtanding,
Or that there's ſomewhat in't we underſtand not.
Fran. She's a Maid of an odd compoſition;
And beſides that, I needs muſt tell you Madam,
That having had my obſervation freer,
Then you perhaps during laſt nights adventure,
I remark'd ſomewhat both in her demeanour,
And in *Don Zancho's*, makes me confident
They met not there ſtrangers to one another,
As you imagine; But there's time enough
To think and talk of that: What preſſes now

Is

Is your right ordering of *Don Julio*:
You have begun, as well as can be wish't.
D. Blan. Say did I not do my part? (*Jollily.*
Fran. ——— Beyond imagination,
But take heed now, of over doing it,
'Tis time to tack about, to reconcilement.
And thought of drawing those advantages
From the Embroilment, as may for the future
Secure you from like accidents.
D. Blan. ——— You say well, but how?
Fran. The first step must attonement be between you,
Of which he hath so earnestly conjured me
To be an Instrument, that you consenting
To give him a hearing, through my mediation,
I am made for ever, an setled in the power
Of serving you, by better cozenning him:
Besides he tell's me, he hath that to say,
And to propose unt'ee, as shall not only
Excuse him with you, but prevent all danger
Of prejudicial rumors, which might rise
From last night's accident.
D. Blan. ——— Agreed, let's in
And play the second part. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Zancho *and* Chichon *as in his own house.*

D. Zan. Were we not born with Cauls upon our heads (*Jollily.*
Think'st thou *Chichon*? to come off twice a row
Thus rarely, from such dangerous Adventures.
Chich. Rather I think with Combs, so of't to venture.
D. Zan. Thou Coxcomb say, had I not my wits about me?
Chich. 'Twere too uncomplaizant to deny that,
You know I love not to talk seriously;
But tell me now in earnest, are you satisfi'd
To have come off so, is there no qualm remaining
Upon your gentle heart, for leaving i'th' suds
A poor distressed Virgin, who she is

I neither know nor care, but I am ſure
Had generous *Chichon*, to ſave his life
Play'd a ſweet Innocent Lady ſuch a trick,
He would have paſt but for a Recreant Knight,
And much the more, ſhe having ſhown her ſelf
So gallant, as to ſave her Ladies honour
T'expoſe her own: Say true *Don Galor*, ſay,
Were your part found in a Romance or Play,
Whoſe Character would it not diſluſter?

D. Zanc. How ſoon a fool's bolt's ſhot, without diſtinction
Of what's the mark. Thou cenſureſt without knowing
Who th'expoſed Lady is. Know then *Chichon*
And wonder, 'tis *Elvira*, that *Elvira*
For whom I ſighed, like to have ſigh'd my laſt
On her ſcore at *Madrid*: *Don Pedro's* Daughter.

Chich. You raiſe enchanted Caſtles in the Air,
But were it as you ſay, that makes the thing
More inexcuſable; You had been too blame
To have uſed a ſtranger ſo; But ſo t'have ſerv'd
A Lady whom you had once profeſt to love,
Raiſes the fault above all heightning.

D. Zanc. Nay, then I ſee I muſt once play the fool,
In anſwering a fool ſeriouſly,
The things thou ſay'ſt are heightnings indeed,
Not of my fault, but merit in the Action
Towards my *Blanca*, ſince to ſave her honour,
I did not only ſacrifice *Elvira's*,
But thus expoſe mine own: Time may recover
Elvira's fame, and mine this quickly ſhall.
(Claping his hand on his Sword.
Here take this letter, and employ your wit
In finding out the means with ſecrecy
To give it *Don Fernando* unobſerv'd,
I ſhall not ſtir from home, till I have his anſwer.

Chic. You found him Sir, a man of quick diſpatch

In

In your laſt buſineſs with him at *Madrid*. [*Exit* Don Zancho.
How honorable 'tis to ſerve a *Don*.
What Petit Baſque on t'other ſide the Mountains,
Durſt have aſpired to the high dignity
Of carrying a Cartal? A Monſieur
Would ſooner have put up a twinge by the Noſe,
Then ſent a challenge by a ſerving man. [*Exit.*

Enter Blanca *furiouſly, and running to a Cabinet, takes out thence a Stiletto, and* Franciſca *earneſtly after her as in* Blanca's *Cloſet.*

Don. Blan. Villains ſhall find, I am not unprovided
Wrongs to revenge, that cannot be forgiven.

Fran. I thought the ſtrange conſtraint upon her ſelf (*Aſide.*
Wherewith ſhe heard her Brother, would ſerve in the end
But to make rage, break out with greater fury;
Yet it is well ſhe kept it in ſo long,
As to get rid of him,
Good Madam, moderate your ſelf a little. (*To* Blanca.

D. Blan. Preach temper to the damned ſouls in hell,
That they may teach the Traitor moderation,
When I have ſent him thither with his Devil.

Fran. I do confeſs the provation ſuch,
As more then juſtifies all theſe tranſportments;
And therefore I beſeech you think not, Madam,
In what I ſay, I can the leaſt aim have
Of ſaving him; from the extreameſt fury
Of your reſentment; or preſerving her,
Who has had the impudence to abuſe you ſo
Under pretence of ſerving: May they periſh,
But let it be in ſuch away, as may not
Draw a more diſmal ruine on your ſelf;
Let ſwift deſtruction ſeaze them; Yet let not
Madam your hand, but head diſpence their fate,
What can the Iſſue be; of ſuch an action
As that of which I ſee that ſhining ſteel

And flaming Eyes of yours? The threatning Comets,
I beg but the reflexion of a moment.

Blanca *walking upon the Stage with enraged jestures pawses, at length sheathing, and puting her Stiletto in her sleeve with a sober composed tone.**

Don. Blan. **Franciſca.* I thank you, for recalling me
Thus to my ſelf, I will be temperate: [*Aſide.*
But it ſhall be to make revenge the ſurer.

Fran. Her tone, nor jeſtures cannot cozen me, [*Aſide.*
They both ſeem to diſguiſe a black deſign,
But I ſhall watch you, 'tis a half gain'd cauſe
In furie's courſe, to have begot a pawſe.

D. Blan. Do what I bid you preſently *Franciſca*,
Send to *Don Zancho*, and let him know from me,
I earneſtly deſire to ſpeak with him.

Fran. Lord Madam, what d'ee mean?

D. Blan. To make the pleaſing propoſition to him,
As I told my Brother I would.
—— Say, am I not moderate?
But do without reply, what I command.

Fran. Madam, I ſhall obey.
——— But obſerve you ſo withall, [*Aſide.*
As to prevent the miſchief if I can. [*Exit* Franciſca.

D. Blan. Ye Gods aſſiſt me in my juſt revenge,
Or you will make an Athiſt; My firſt work
Muſt be before *Don Zancho* come to ſpeak
With his ſweet Miſtreſs, and with words and looks
As falſe as her's have been, ſo to delude her
With hopes of what ſhe wiſhes, that they both
May joyntly fall my Honour's ſacrifice. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Fernando *as in* Don Julio's *private Apartment.*

D. Fer. Since generoſity hath ſo far got
The maſtery, as to have made me fix
Upon a reſolution ſo unheard of,
I long to ſee it executed.

— But

——— But ſtay,
I think, I hear *Elvira's* voice without,
And *Blanca's* too, here curioſity [*He makes as if he harkn'd,*
To over here, is pardonable. (*and then*
[Exit *as to go where he may better hear.*

Silvia }
Enter Elvira } *and* Blanca *as in the Ante-Chamber, and* Fernando *peeping as from behind a door.*

D. Fer. Here not a word can ſcape me.

Silvia }
Elvira } Madam you wrong my zeal, in ſerving you,
Whil'ſt you attribute to any other motive
My yeſterdays behaviour.

D. Blan. * Such niceties *Elvira* are out of ſeaſon,
[* *In a tone that may ſhew what ſhe ſays to b'forc't.*
I ſeek your ſatisfaction in a Love,
Wherein it ſeems you have been long engaged.

Donna Elvira *looking round, and* Fernando *ſtarting back.*

D. Fer. I hope ſhe did not ſee me. [*Aſide.*

D. Elv. My ſatisfaction ſay you, in my Love,
Of whom for heaven's ſake? If you mean *Don Zancho,*
Y'are very far from gueſſing at my thoughts.

D. Fer. By heaven S'has ſeen me, and plays the Devil ſtill. [*Aſide.*

D. Elv. By all that's good, I am far from loving him,
* I ſay not worſe becauſe I know ſhe loves him. [**Aſide.*

D. Fer. Ah *Elvira*! this is too much, yet not enough
To change in me, a Noble reſolution.

[*A noiſe is heard as of people coming up ſtairs.*

D. Blan. I hear ſome coming up ſtairs, ſhould it be (*Aſide.*
Don Zancho, I am not yet ready for him,
* I ſee we are likely to be interrupted here [* *To* Elvira.
Elvira, we ſhall be better in my Cloſet. (*Exit* Blanca.

D. Elv. Madam, I'le follow you.
What can ſhe mean? ſince that ſhe needs muſt think,

I know

I know the paſſion ſhe her ſelf has for him.

Elvira *having ſtay'd a while behind, as ſhe is going to follow* Blanca. *Enter her Father* Don Pedro, *and* Fulvio, *ſhe ſtarts and ſtands confounded; He ſeeing her draws out his Dagger and makes at her.*

D. Ped. Vile ſtainer of my blood, have I here found thee?

Elvira *perceiving the door a little open where* Don Fernando *is, flies thither and gets in.*

D. Fer. This makes it clear ſhe ſaw me. [*Aſide as* Elvira *thruſts in.*

Don Pedro *ſeizes the door before it be quite ſhut, and they ſtruggle, he to pull it open, and* Don Fernando *to ſhut it, who after ſome conteſt,* Don Fernando *gets it cloſe, and bolts it within:* Don Pedro *as an enraged perſon pulls and bounces at the door.*

D. Ped. In vain ſhould Mountains interpoſe, between
Her and her puniſhment. [*He bounces ſtill as to break down the door.*

Enter Donna Blanca.

D. Blan. What Bedlam have we here? and where's *Elvira?*

D. Ped. You have one here, will know how to revenge
Conſpiracies to affront him; And you Lady
Who ere you are, that ſeem to take upon you,
Y'had beſt produce the wicked thing you have named;
Or by this Steel ——— [Donna Blanca *crys out.*

Don. Blan. Ho! brother, brother, help againſt a madman.

Enter Don Julio.

D. Jul. Peace, *Blanca*, peace, you know not what you ſay,
Don Pedro is Maſter here.

D. Blan. I know not your *Don Pedro*, but I'me ſure
One to be tyde in Chains, could do no more
Then he has done.

D. Jul. Have patience Siſter; 'Tis *Elvira's* Father,
With cares enough upon him to juſtifie
Any diſtemper.

Blan. ——— Precious *Elvira's* Father;
Nay, then I leave you. [Blanca *flings out of the Room.*

Jul.

Ful. O the unluckineſs of his coming (*Aſide.*
So unſeaſonably; 'Twas to prevent that,
I went abroad to ſeek him.

D. Ped. What's this *Don Fulio*? can a Gentleman
Of Blood, and Honour, uſe another thus?
What after ſuch engagements to the Duke,
And to my ſelf, to be my friend and helper,
To prove the ſhelterer of my ſhame's chief Authour;
I do not wonder now, *Don Zancho* himſelf,
Should have been here at midnight.

D. Ful. I am hard put to't, help wit to bring us off. [*Aſide.*
* Be as diſtemper'd as you pleaſe *Don Pedro*, [**To him.*
It ſhall not alter me. But yet me-thinks
It would not ill become your gravity,
To think a while, before you make a judgement,
And raſhly frame injurious concluſions,
From things wherein a friend has merited from you:
Do but conſider, and then ſay, what *Fulio*
Could do of more advance to what you wiſh,
Then having found your Daughter, to have brought her
To his own houſe, where ſhe might be with honour
Accompanied, and ſerv'd as ſuch, by *Blanca*,
Until ſuch time, as things maturely weigh'd,
You ſhould a final reſolution take.
And ſince *Don Zancho*'s being here laſt night,
I ſee's no ſecret t'ee, me-thinks you ought
T' have been ſo juſt to me, as to believe
That ſince I admitted him within theſe walls,
It was in order to the ſerving you.

D. Ped. Noble *Don Fulio*, you muſt pity have
Of an old man's diſtemper in affliction,
I ſee I was in the wrong, pray pardon it.

D. Ful. O this is more then needs, and now good Sir,
If you'l be pleas'd to walk a turn or two
I'th' Garden, I'le there give you a full account,

How

How I have laid things for your ſatisfaction.

D. Ped. I'le wait on you.

D. Ful. ——— Go Sir, there lies your way: (*Turning

* And you boy fail not when *Don Zancho* comes (*to the Page.*

To give me notice of it in the Garden. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Zancho *and paſſes over the Stage with* Chichon *after him, and Enter* Franciſca, *and pulling* Chichon *ſtays him.*

Fran. Stay, ſtay, *Chichon*, a word w'e, it imports. [*She whiſpers*

Chic. I hope you are not in earneſt. (*with him.*

Fran. ——— By my ſoul I am;

There is no other way, but for us both

To get up the back way, and there to watch

The time to interpoſe.

Chic. Can ſhe be ſuch a Fury? her looks are

All milk and honey.

Fran. You cannot fancy any thing ſo Tragique,

But ſhe is capable of executing,

When once provok'd in point of Love and Honour,

Beyond her bounds of temper.

Chic. ——— Lead the way. [* *Aſide*

* I'le have the pleaſure to hold up the fright

She's in, ſince I am ſure there is no danger,

Knowing as I do my Maſter's mind towards *Blanca*;

Beſides 'tis to be hoped, that theſe diſorders

May produce ſomewhat that may put an end

To my Maſters Quarrel, or afford me means

To give *Fernando* his Letter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter D. Fer. Elvira *lying upon the Couch in the private A-*

D. Fer. This laſt diſſimulation moves me more (*partment.*

Then all the reſt, but yet it muſt not alter

What honour hath inſpired, ſee how ſhe lies

And how ſcarce brought to life from her diſmay,

She refumes ſcorn, to have been ſav'd by me;

But multiply what injuries thou wilt,

Perfidious Maid, thou ſhall't not diſappoint

Fer-

Fernando of the glory that he aims at,
Of making thy proud heart *Elvira*, owe
It's happineſs to him.
—— But I hear again
A noiſe without [*He peeps.*
—— 'Tis *Don Zancho*,
And I ſee *Blanca* coming towards him;
This falls out luckely, that I may hear
What paſſes, for certainly their meeting
Avowedly thus, can be no other Subject,
But what *Don Julio* has propos'd to *Blanca*. [Exit *as to go harken.*

Enter Don Julio *and* Don Pedro *as in the Garden.*

D. Jul. That's all the remedy, that in theſe caſes
The wiſeſt can propoſe unto themſelves,
His fortun's ſtrait 'tis true.

D. Ped. That's what I leaſt regard, in this occaſion,
So honour be but ſafe, the leſs they have,
The more will be her pennance for her folly;
But ſhould *Don Zancho* upon any Umbrage,
From what has paſt between them, prove ſo Inſolent
As to reject the marriage, Then I truſt ——

Jul. O ſay no more of that, Rely upon't,
Should he be guilty of that horrid Outrage,
This Sword ſhould pierce his heart, tho' th' only friend
I have i'th'world, ſhould interpoſe his own;
And Sir, to let you ſee my franck proceeding,
Come along with me, I'le bring you to a place
Where joyntly over hearing all that paſſes
'Twixt him and *Blanca*, ſhould he play the Villain,
His life may pay for't, ere he ſtir from thence.

D. Ped. May heaven repay ſuch generous acts of friendſhip. *Exeunt.*

Enter Don Zancho, *and* Fernando *appears as behind the door.*

D. Zanc. For her ſo ſuddenly, and ſo avow'dly
To ſend for me hither, is very ſtrange,
What can it mean?

Enter Blanca.

D. Blan. Now lend me temper heaven, but for a moment, [*Aside*
Till calmly I have drawn him to pronounce
The ſentence of his own too noble death
For ſuch a Traytor.
* I think you come not without ſome ſurprize [**To him with an affected cheerfulneſs.*
Don Zancho, at my ſending for you ſo.
But let's ſit down for I have much to ſay t'ee.

She takes him by the hand, and ſeats him in one Chair, and ſhe ſets her ſelf in the other cloſe to him on his right hand, and fumbles in her ſleeve.

D. Blan. I'me ſo well plac't I cannot miſs the mark. [*Aſide.*

D. Zanc. Good Madam, what's the matter for I ſee
Diſorder in you, put me out of pain.

D. Blan. That I ſhall quickly do.
——— Know then *Don Zancho*,
In the firſt place, you muſt not interrupt me,
What ever you ſhall hear; I'le take it ill elſe
When I have done, then ſpeak your mind at leaſure,
I come not to argue, but conclude.

D. Zanc. Your will's a Law to me,
——— * But whether tend's all this? [* *Aſide.*

D. Blan. I do for once, allow you to remember,
All that has paſt between us,
The folly of my Love, The falſhood of yours;
That done, And never to be thought on more.

D. Zanc. For heavens ſake Madam ——

D. Blan. ——— Break not the Rule was ſet.
Know I inſtructed am in all your ſtory,
And am ſo far grown Miſtreſs of my ſelf,
That I who th'other day, could ſcarce o're come
The ſenſe of a ſlight failour at *Madrid*,
Can here at home ſuffer Indignities:
And tell you calmly, and with unconcern'dneſs,
Be you *Elvira's*, and *Elvira* yours,

I come

I come to do a part you little look't for
From *Blanca's* ſpirit, I muſt make the marriage,
All things are ready, and her Father here,
Now you may ſpeak *Don Zancho*, but the thing
Admit's of no delay.

D. Zanc. *But can this be in earneſt? ſure it cannot; [*Pawſing
What need theſe trials of ſo firm a faith? (a while.

D. Blan. Leave trifling, 'tis no longer time for tricks,
It is not in the power of fate to alter
The reſolutions taken. (Don Zancho *pawſes.*

D. Fer. — She has put it home. (*Aſide.*

D. Zan. Madam, you uſe me hardly, this demeanour
Paſſes my skill, to judge from whence it ſprings;
You ſay it is not in the power of fate,
To change your reſolutions; but I'me ſure
If they be ſuch, 'twill leſs be in it's power
To alter mine; but yet before I die
You muſt be left without excuſe, by knowing
The truth of all.

D. Fer. Here it imports indeed to be attentive. (*Aſide.*

D. Zanc. Madam, 'tis true, that abſent at *Madrid*,
The cuſtom of the Court, and Vanity,
Embarqued me lightly in a Gallantry,
With the moſt famed of beauties there *Elvira*;
Thoſe, and no other, the true Motives were,
To all my firſt adreſſes, till her ſcorns
Which ſhould have ſtop't them, had engag'd me more
And made a Love in jeſt, a point of honour:
I boar all her diſdains, without tranſportment,
'Till having gain'd her waiting Woman's kindneſs,
I learn't from her, that all *Elvira's* ſlightings
She would have thought, had ſprung from ſevere Maxims,
And preciouſneſs of humour, were the effects
Of deep engagement in another Love,
With a young Gallant *Don Fernando Solis*,

With whom the cruel Dame, was ſo far gone,
As to admit him almoſt every night
Into her Chamber.

D. Fer. — Bleſt gods what do I hear? *(Aſide.*

D. Zancho I ſcarce believing the thing poſſible,
[*Continuing.*] Urged my Intelligencer, to do for me
That which her Lady for another did,
And to admit me to her Chamber, where
By being Eye witneſs of her Lady's actions,
I might transfer my entire love to her ſelf.
She granted my requeſt, and late one Night
Somewhat before the Gallant's uſual hour,
She brought me a back way up into her Chamber,
Within *Elvira's*; my ſtay had not been long,
When having found the truth of what ſhe had told me,
Converting rage into appearing kindneſs
To my informer, and expreſſing it
Uncautiouſly, we made a ſudden noiſe,
With which *Elvira* alarm'd, and coming in,
Followed by *Don Fernando*; That fell out,
Which you have heard before.

Don Julio *beckning* Don Pedro *after him, paſſing over a corner of the Stage.*

D. Jul. By this time, I ſuppoſe, ſhe will have made
The propoſition to the full, and we
Shall come at the juſt time to hear his anſwer.

[*Exeunt* Don Pedro *and* Don Julio.

Don Zancho If ſince that hour, I have ever ſeen
[*Continuing.*] Or thought upon her, till laſt night's ſurpriſe,
May I for ever periſh; And me thinks
The uſe I made of that, to your advantage,
Might challenge from you, a more juſt conſtruction.

Don. Blan. I told you at firſt, I came not here to argue

But

But to conclude; ſay, will you marry her?

Don Julio *and* Don Pedro *peep out as from behind the hanging.*

Don Ful. W'are come you ſee, juſt as we could have wiſh't.

Don Ped. His fate hangs on his Lips.

[*To* Blanca.

Don Zanc. You are Miſtreſs of your words, and actions Madam,
And may uſe me as you pleaſe; But this hand
Shall ſooner pierce this heart, then ere be given
In marriage to *Elvira.*

Don Pedro *and* Don Julio *ruſh in with their ſwords and daggers drawn, and* Don Zancho *draws too.*

D. Ped. Then Villain die, heaven is too weak to ſave thee
By any other means.

(Fernando *draws and ruſhing out.*

Don Fer. —— But here is one that ſhall,
Or fall by his ſide.

D. Ped. —— O heaven's! what's this?
Don Fernando Solis protecting him,
Nay, then the whole world conſpires againſt my Honour.

Don. Blan. For heavens ſake Gentlemen! (Donna Blanca *runs in between.*

Chic. Now by my Grandam's Pantable 'tis pritty, (*From behind,*
I'le bruſh their Coats if once it come to fighting,
Fernando's of our ſide.

Franciſca *and* Chichon *with a long Broom run out alſo from behind the hanging.*

Don Ful. What frenſie's this *Fernando?* was't not you
Engaged me to effect the Marriage? ſure w'are all
Bewitch't.

D. Fer.

D. Fer. —— Stay my *Don Julio*, ſtay,
And let *Don Pedro* have patience but to hear me;
'Tis true, but you know well upon what grounds
Thoſe are quite changed, by my having over heard
All that hath paſt; For my *Elvira*, *Julio*,
Proves ſpotleſs in her faith, as in her Beauty,
And I the only guilty, to have doubted:
What have I then to do, but here to proſtrate
My ſelf at her offended Father's feet,
And beg his pardon? That obtain'd, t'implore
His help, to gain me hers, as to a perſon
In whom reſpect for him, hath always held
Proportion with my paſſion for his Daughter.

D. Ped. You know *Don Julio*, when I ſpake with you,
The terms of eſtimation, and reſpect
Wherewith I mention'd t'ee this Gentleman,
And therefore ſince in his adreſs t'*Elvira*
There was no other fault, but making it
Unknown to me; And that I ſee his thoughts
Are truly Noble; Honour thus engaged,
That ought to be forgot, and I to think
My ſelf moſt happy, in ſuch a Son-in-law:
But where's *Elvira*?

D. Fer. She's there within, where I dare not appear
Before her, knowing now ſuch guilt upon me,
If *Blanca* would employ her Intereſt
And eloquence, perhaps ſhe might prevail
To get her hither, when ſhe ſhall have told her
What changes a few minutes time hath wrought.

D. Blan. I never went on a more pleaſing Arrant.
(*Exit* Don Blanca *and* Franciſca.

Fran. * I am ſtruck dumb with wonder.
(* *As ſhe goes out.*

D. Fer. Now *Blanca* is away, I'le take this time
To ſpare her bluſhes *Julio*, and tell you

Though

Though I have broak one marriage for *Don Zancho*,
You needs muſt give me leave to make another,
To which unleſs I'me very much deceiv'd,
You'l find on neither part repugnancy.

D. Ful. I underſtand you, and I thank the gods
They did not make me underſtand the wrong,
Till they have made it none, ſince I obſerve
Don Zancho's looks joyning in your deſires.

D. Zanc. A heart ſo full of love as mine for *Blanca*,
Does beſt expreſs it ſelf, when it ſpeaks leaſt.

Enter Donna Blanca, Donna Elvira
and Franciſca.

(Elvira *caſts her ſelf at her Fathers feet.*

D. Elv. Now that the juſtice of the gods, at length
Hath cleer'd me from ſuſpicions, derogatory
To th'honour of your blood, I hope a Cloiſter
May expiate my fault as to a Father.

(*Raiſing her.*

D. Ped. Riſe Child, The Incloſure I condemn you to
Is *Don Fernando's* Arms, give him your hand.

D. Elv. 'Tis yours Sir, to diſpoſe of I confeſs,
And if it be your will, I muſt ſubmit;
But let him know, who could ſuſpect *Elvira*,
She never could be his, but by obedience.

D. Fer. I am Thunder ſtruck.

(Elvira *giving him her hand.*

D. Elv. —— Be not diſmay'd *Fernando.*
Since I profeſs this a meer act of duty,
Another duty may *Elvira* move,
To re-inflame on better grounds her Love.

D. Ful. *Blanca* I fear you'l hardly be perſwaded
[*Ironically.*] To give yours to *Don Zancho*; But a Brother

For

For once may play the Tyrant; Give it him,
It must be so.

(They joyn hands.

D. Fer. I now renounce old Maxims, having you
Elvira, I am sure, The very best proves true.

Chic. Hold there, I beg you Sir, That will appear
By that time you have Married been a Year.

FINIS.